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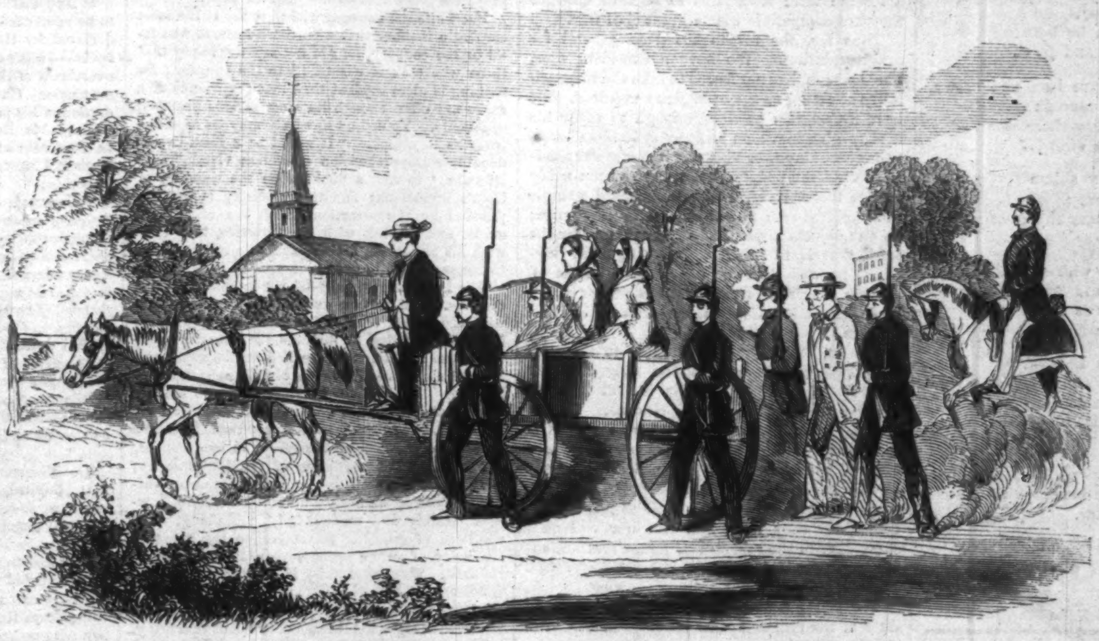
THE MISSES SCOTT.

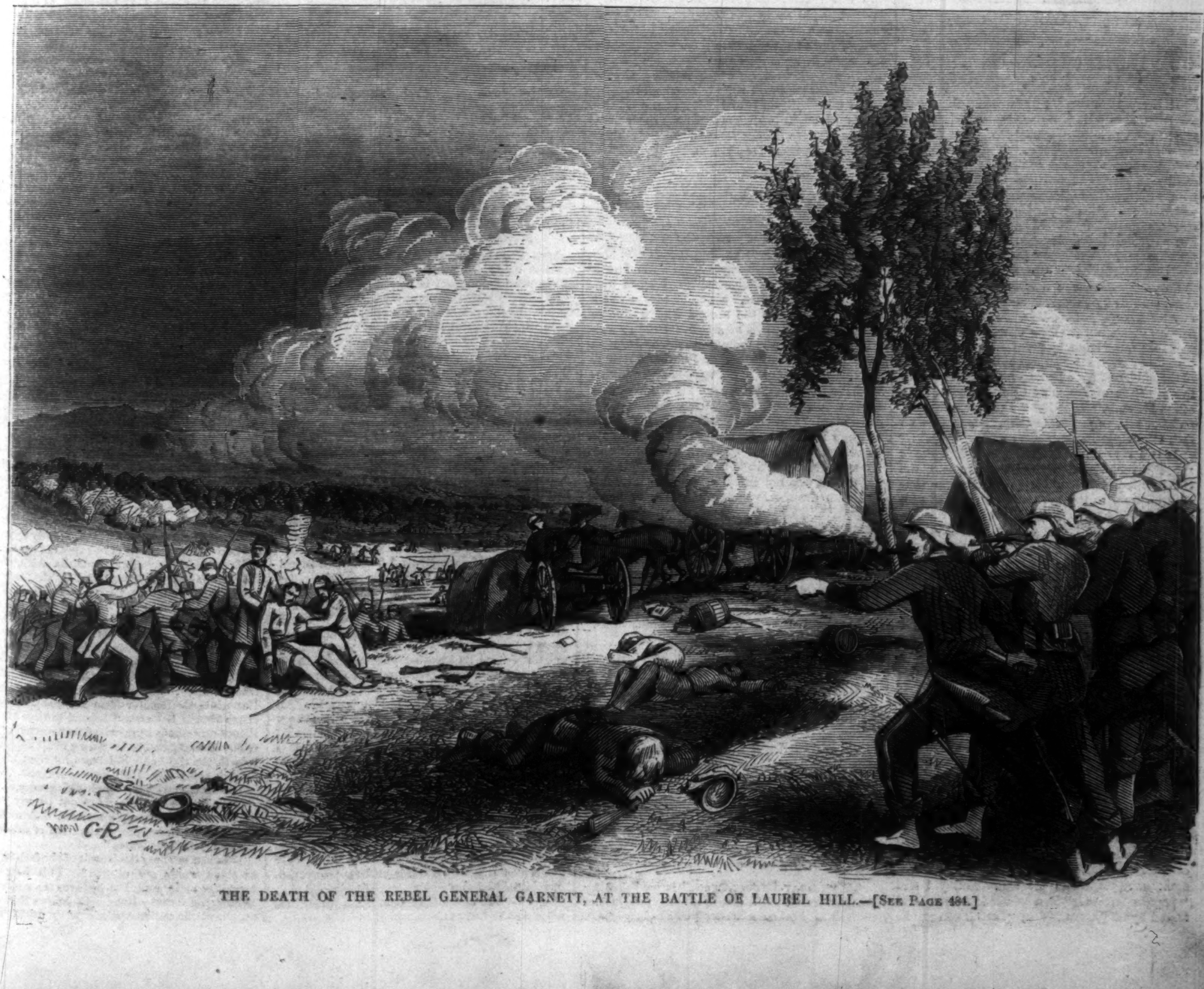
SOME time since two young ladies of the name of Scott, residents of Fairfax County, Virginia, were the means of capturing the Captain of a volunteer regiment from Connecticut. They have now been taken themselves, and we illustrate, on this page, their appearance as they drove into our lines at Fall's Church. The account of their capture is thus given by a Connecticut boy, one of the scouting party which took them:

After getting out of the woods we came to a corn-field, through which we crawled on our hands and knees, and we got completely "turned," but managed to get through the greatest danger and came to a house, where we went to see what we could make out. We found there an old man, when we asked if any of our troops were there. He wanted to know if we were on the Southern side. Lieut. Upton told him "Yes;" when he told us we were about a mile from their tents, but to look out or we would be captured. We of course appeared frightened, and posted a man outside to look out. Lieutenant Upton told him he was an officer of a South Carolina regiment. The old man told him all about the United States camp, the names of all the secession neighbors, and finally said he had in his house the two Miss Scotts who took the Yankee Captain, so the old man took us into the room and introduced us to the Miss Scotts. That moment was a proud one for us, for right in our hands were those whom the whole brigade had been hunting for. But we continued to play our part, complimenting the ladies highly for their feat, and pumping the old man for further information. When, after learning the most direct road to our camp, Lieutenant Upton told them we must go, but he would like to see the whole family together to bid them good-by. Accordingly they all came out in the front porch—the old man, his wife, three sons, and daughter, and the two Miss Scotts. We just formed a circle about them, when Lieutenant Upton, drawing his sword, demanded their surrender to the United States. You ought to have seen their faces! The two Miss Scotts and the young men were all we took with us. The excitement was very great when we went into camp, and we found they had given us up for lost, and sent a company after us. With the two Miss Scotts we marched to the General's quarters, and left the ladies there, and the men we took to the guard-house. The General sent for us in the evening, and complimented us highly for our conduct on this occasion.

The ladies of Virginia and Maryland have been, as a rule, fiercer in their secessionism than the men. At Baltimore our troops are insulted daily by ladies.



BRINGING IN THE MISSES SCOTT AS PRISONERS TO FALL'S CHURCH, VA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL GARNETT, AT THE BATTLE OF LAUREL HILL.—[SEE PAGE 484.]

THE TWO FURROWS.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The spring-time came, but not with mirth—
  The banner of our trust,
And with it the best hopes of earth
  Were trailing in the dust.

The Farmer saw the shame from far,
  And stopped his plow afield;
Not the blade of peace but the brand of war
  This arm of mine must wield.

When traitor hands that flag would stain,
  Their homes let women keep;
Until its stars burn bright again,
  Let others sow and reap.

The Farmer sighed—a lifetime long
  The plow has been my trust;
In truth it were an arrant wrong
  To leave it now to rust.

With ready strength the Farmer tore
  The iron from the wood,
And to the village smith he bore
  That plow-share stout and good.

The blacksmith's arms were bare and brown,
  And loud the bellows roared:
The Farmer flung his plow-share down—
  "Now forge me out a sword!"

And then a merry, merry chime
  The sounding anvil rung;
Good sooth, it was a nobler rhyme
  Than ever poet sung.

The blacksmith wrought with skill that day,
  The blade was keen and bright,
And now where thickest is the fray
  The Farmer leads the fight.

Not as of old that blade he sways
  To break the meadow's sleep,
But through the rebel ranks he lays
  A furrow broad and deep.

The Farmer's face is burned and brown,
  But light is on his brow,
Right well he wots what blessings crown
  The furrow of the Plow.

But better is to-day's success—
  Thus ran the Farmer's word—
For nations yet unborn shall bless
  This furrow of the Sword.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 3, 1861.

OUR INSTITUTIONS ON THEIR TRIAL.

THE most convenient government for a nation at war is a despotic monarchy; the most inconvenient—according to general opinion—a democratic republic. A despotic monarch, having no advisers to defer to, no responsibility to fear, and no laws to obey, can act with a promptitude, an energy, and a secrecy which are rarely compatible with the checks and trammels of limited governments. He can meet desperate emergencies with desperate remedies; and, while popular governments are studying how to conciliate existing laws with unforeseen crises, can despise or trample any thing and every thing which may stand in the way of his purpose. Him no Congressional debates delay, nor caviling Committees annoy; no newspapers baffle by premature betrayals of his plans; no rules compel to disregard genius in the choice of his officers; no laws hamper in the selection of the most efficient methods to attain his ends. If he has the money, the men, and the will, to prosecute the war is to him no task at all.

It is a very different matter in a democratic republic such as ours. In the first place, the Constitution—a document not framed in view of such wars as the present one, for instance, and full of checks on the authority of the Executive—ties the hands of the President, and forbids his doing many things which war may render it absolutely necessary for him to do. The laws of the United States—framed for the general good in time of peace—lay further restrictions upon him: leave him no power to stop unlawful trade, for instance, and none to interfere with constructive treason. Under the law he can neither enlist men to fight, nor pay them for fighting, without the previous decree of Congress. When he has got the men and the money, Congress still retains the power of directing how the money and the men shall be employed, and of appointing Committees to see that their directions are carried out. Even the Executive Authority of the President is constitutionally shared with a body of advisers who are entitled to a knowledge of his secrets. Over and above all, the Supreme Court enjoys and exercises the right of pronouncing the President's acts invalid, null, and void. Then come the people and the press. Though the people can not constitutionally act upon the Government except through the ballot-box, yet still "popular pressure" is a power known to and feared by all governments; where it can not be repressed by the arm of authority, it is almost irresistible. This pressure is mostly exercised through the press. The power of a free and an able press is such that wise men have doubted whether it were possible to carry on a long war in its presence. Wars—even the most glorious—make so many malcontents among those whose livelihood is taken away by the war, and discontent at home is so fatal to the administration of a Government engaged in a great war, that even English statesmen in our day have doubted whether the freedom of the press should be absolute in war as in peace—whether newspapers, working for private ends or in the interest of unpatriotic malcontents, should be suffered to weaken the hands of Government, during war-time, by malevolent opposition.

We are now testing these various inconveniences of the form of government under which we live. Our institutions are on their trial. We know that they work well in peace; we know that they do not prevent our carrying on a foreign war: it remains to be seen whether they are compatible with a great civil war.

Thus far, the nation has good ground for self-gratulation. We have a President who, like Jackson, has not feared to take the responsibility of acting as the emergency required. We have a Congress patriotic enough to ratify his acts, to give him men and money in abundance, to increase his power wherever increase was needed. And the people have thus far been nobly true to themselves. No one has heard a single faint-hearted cry: no one thinks of compromise; no one objects to pay fairly and squarely for the work that is to be done. The hundred days which have elapsed since the bombardment of Sumter have not in the least wearied or enfeebled the national sentiment aroused by that outrage.

Let us hope that it will be so to the end. Montesquieu tells us that the only difficulty with republican governments is that they require so much virtue in their citizens. That is just the point. If our people have enough virtue—that is to say, courage, perseverance, loyalty to themselves and to truth, fidelity to their principles, and honesty of purpose—they can carry on this war just as well as any despot could. If they have not, the war will end, some day, in the sacrifice of honor and nationality, and the United States will sink lower than Mexico.

We can not too often repeat that the first duty of the citizen at this juncture is to give to the President a generous, confiding, and cordial support. No man can doubt that Mr. Lincoln and General Scott are loyally and honestly striving to put down this rebellion. This task entitles them to the undivided support of every patriot, and ought to insure them against petty cavils and mean suspicions. Such journals as the New York *Tribune*, which selects this critical moment as the fit time to sneer unworthily at the military genius of Scott and the loyalty of Seward, ought to be banished from every honest man's house, as the most efficient, if not the hired instruments of the rebels.

THE "TRIBUNE" ON MR. RUSSELL.

Our genial contemporary, the *Tribune*, has made two attempts to explain the Russell-Davis controversy to its readers. In the first it stated that we had "charged Mr. Russell with treachery to our cause," which of course was a sheer invention; in the second it says that we "accused Mr. Russell of a tacit refusal to sustain our artist in the pretext by which he sought to evade the retribution of Southern foes to Northern literature." We need hardly add that we have done nothing of the kind. We have accused Mr. Russell of nothing whatever. We stated that we were informed and believed that he knew Mr. Davis was our artist when they left Washington together—nothing more. Indeed for some time past we have seen nothing in any paper that was not complimentary to Mr. Russell, with the single exception of the following disgraceful paragraph from the editorial columns of the New York *Tribune* of July 21:

> "* * * The *social habits* of the *Times* correspondent * * * have been matters of general discussion. Grant that *the drinking* and smoking a journalist does is stimulus to intellectual exercise," etc., etc.

But the *Tribune* is nothing if not scurrilous.

☞ Mr. Samuel Ward states, in a communication to the *Times*, that the letter signed by him, which was published in *Harper's Weekly* of July 20, was "*an extract* from a *private* note addressed by him," etc. This is not true. The letter was published ENTIRE, and was not private, but a business communication, addressed by name to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, on the business of that journal. Neither Mr. Samuel Ward himself nor the other statements contained in his letter seem to require any notice at our hands.

☞ "Great Expectations" is published by Peterson & Co., uniform with all the other various editions of Dickens's works published by them. Price 50 cents in paper cover; or in one volume 12mo, or one volume octavo, with all the original illustrations by McLenan, for $1 50.

THE LOUNGER.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

In an article of the Lounger's, called "Who are against us?" published in this column in the paper for July 20, "it was evident enough to all who were in the habit of reading the New York *Tribune* that the writer had that paper in mind."

Yet such an article could not be justly called an innuendo. If a man says frankly that the leader of our armies in this emergency is a traitor, he says as plainly as words can, to all who know General Scott to be the leader, that Scott is a traitor. So when the Lounger says that if a paper takes a certain course it helps the enemy, he says to every one who knows that the *Tribune* takes that course, that in his opinion the *Tribune* helps the enemy. It is perfectly plain speaking, which yet does not prejudice those who do not read the paper.

But while the Lounger wished to say in the most emphatic manner that a particular course was fatal to the country, he did not say nor imply that those who took it wished ill to the country; for nothing is more evident than that the friends of a cause are often enough its most serious practical opponents. To defend unwisely may be as disastrous as to attack. "It would be a most unpardonable misapprehension of human virtue," says Niebuhr, "to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of Cato's intentions; and this sincerity is not impeached by the assertion which has often been made, and I think with great justice, that Cato with his philosophy did incalculable injury to the Commonwealth."

The Lounger certainly did not intend to asperse motives. Yet as some expressions he used, taken with the strong tone of the article, may perhaps fairly suggest that he doubted the honest patriotism of the conductors of the *Tribune*, he says here, in justice to himself, that he should as soon doubt his own. He believes that they wish to see the Government maintained without the least compromise; but he believes just as firmly that the course they have pursued leads straight to compromise, and consequent destruction of the Government; and that, therefore, it is a course which every citizen who can speak to the public mind should, however humbly and inadequately, withstand. For the hope of crushing this rebellion lies more in the unity of public opinion than in the army in the field. When that unity is destroyed, the army is defeated. And whoever pursues a course which tends to destroy that harmony does all he can, however upright his intention, to defeat that army.

Whether a particular course does or does not tend to destroy that harmony is, of course, the question.

The Lounger can not leave the subject without adding that this article is written solely upon his own impulse, and not by the expressed or implied desire of any body. For he fully believes that there may be the most radical difference of opinion, and the most ardent expression of that difference, without the imputation of bad motives; and that it is perfectly possible for the *Tribune* itself to dislike the course of *Harper's Weekly*, and to oppose it altogether, without speaking, as it does in its number for Sunday, July 14, of "the malice" of its proprietors; or of its "puppyism," and the "gross and malicious unfairness" upon the part of its proprietors, as it does in its editorial columns on Sunday, the 21st July.

SCHOOLING BY WINFIELD SCOTT.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the reckless maundering and hysterical vituperation of the rebel newspapers in regard to the free and loyal citizens of this country are seriously believed by most intelligent Southern people, and even by those whose frequent residence and many friendships at the North should have saved from such delusion. But this secession is a moral epidemic. It destroys conscience, reason, and common sense.

Such persons really suppose that Mr. Lincoln is a drunken ape; that his life is a constant debauch, and that he is sunk in imbecility. At the same time they believe him to be a black-hearted usurper—a miscreant pausing at nothing, and trying to wade through blood to a throne. He is represented as keeping gloomy state in his palace; fawned upon by myrmidons; a gross Tiberius; an effeminate Caligula. These newspapers depict him as that ludicrous book, the "Partisan Leader," describes Van Buren, and otherwise sensible people look upon the ridiculous chimera and believe it exists.

On the 5th of June General Beauregard issued a proclamation to the people of the northern counties of Virginia. He began:

> "A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is 'Beauty and booty.' All that is dear to man—your honor and that of your wives and daughters—your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest."

Of course General Beauregard himself does not believe this; but many people, otherwise quite as intelligent as he, do. They can be taught their error but in one way. Freedom, education, the church, and the school-house, they think, only make men sneaking cowards and tuppenny peddlers, who, in Judas's place, would have sold their Master for twenty-nine pieces of silver rather than not close the bargain.

Doctor Scott has opened a school to teach them that they are mistaken. Ushers Lyon and Siegel in the West, Usher M'Clellan beyond the Alleghanies, Ushers M'Dowell, Patterson, Banks, Butler, and Mansfield around Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, are rapidly imparting instruction in this branch. Their pupils are going to learn that an intelligent freeman, taught by his conscience and admonished by the laws that every man is of equal rights among men, and that constitutional liberty is the only guarantee of peaceable and progressive civilization, is a man as terrible in a battle as in a bargain. They are to learn that because men prefer peace to war, and the security of universal liberty to the inevitable barbarism of slavery, they are neither fools, cowards, idiots, drunken apes, nor mud-sills.

This is the lesson of the day. Dr. Scott is ringing his bell. Let all the children come to school. The Doctor is of the old school; and those who do not learn the lesson will be thrashed until they do.

WHAT CATO THE YOUNGER SAYS TO BRECKINRIDGE THE YOUNGER AND COMPANY.

When Catiline's confederate conspirators were to be sentenced by the Roman Senate, the Senators declared for the severest punishment until Cæsar spoke—Julius Cæsar, who was then planning the overthrow of the Republic. He suggested milder measures. Cato replied, and his reply is the only oration of his preserved to us.

Does Mr. Breckinridge, who lately aspired to be President of the United States, remember the account Plutarch gives of Cato's speech to Cæsar? It is this:

> "*He attacked Cæsar, and charged him with a secret design of subverting the government under the plausible appearance of mitigatory speeches and humane conduct; and of intimidating likewise the Senate, even in a case where he had to fear for his own person, and in which he might deem it an instance of great good fortune, if he himself could be exempted from the imputation and suspicion of guilt*—He, who had openly and daringly attempted to rescue from justice the enemies of the state, *and shown that, far from having any compassion for his country when on the brink of destruction, he could even pity and plead for the unnatural wretches who had meditated its ruin, and grieve that their punishment should prevent their design.*"

Do Messrs. Breckinridge, Vallandigham, Burnett, Bayard, Powell, Ben Wood, and Company think, as they read these words, that treason has changed much since the days of Catiline?

But when they hear Joseph Holt declare: "It is time that in their majesty the people of the United States should make known to the world that this Government, in its dignity and power, is something more than a moot court; and that the citizen who makes war upon it is a traitor not only in theory but in fact, and should have meted out to him a traitor's doom"—when those gentlemen hear these words do they not know, as every generous heart in the land acknowledges with ardor, that heroic patriotism, also, has not changed much since the days of Cato?

TWO KENTUCKIANS.

Two Kentuckians lately spoke, and the whole country closely listened. Mr. Breckinridge spoke in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Holt in Louisville. Mr. Holt, quite unknown to the country until within two years, by his masterly and impassioned oration takes his place among the most illustrious Americans; for the true patriots are those who are faithful to their country when fidelity is dangerous. Mr. Breckinridge, a man well known by name and position to the country, but conspicuous by good fortune rather than by proved ability, in his quibbling plea against the President's course betrays all the desire without the heroism of treason.

Mr. Breckinridge, when only prompt and firm action can save his country from ruin, calls the President who takes that action, who saves the country, and who at the same time summons the people in Congress to judge him, a usurper, who should be rebuked.

Mr. Holt paints in vivid colors the portraits of the conspirators who are striking at the heart of the country, and exclaims, in glowing words, to which that heart cries amen, "The President of the United States is heroically and patriotically struggling to baffle the machinations of these most wicked men. I have unbounded gratification in knowing that he has the courage to look traitors in the face; and that, in discharging the duties of his great office, he take no counsel of his fears. He is entitled to the zealous support of the whole country; and may I not add, without offense, that he will receive the support of all who justly appreciate the boundless blessings of our free institutions?"

Mr. Breckinridge, with puerile folly, asserts that it was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution that the Government could be maintained by military force—as if any men in their senses could ever form any government of which the power of self-preservation should not be the cardinal condition! Is education so little known among the people who favor this rebellion that their leaders may make the most absurdly untrue historical statements without contradiction? But while the Senator from Kentucky openly declares that it is unconstitutional to save the Constitution except in a prescribed way—utterly unconscious of what Senator Browning of Illinois so justly calls the right of self-defense inherent in States as in persons—Mr. Holt says to lingering, doubting Kentucky, with the ringing eloquence of truth, "There is not and there can not be any neutral ground for a loyal people between their own Government and those who, at the head of armies, are menacing its destruction."

Who can not hear the laurels of the fathers rustle as these words are uttered? This Kentuckian loves Kentucky well, but he loves the nation more by which Kentucky lives. He knows that a blow struck at the nation wounds every State; for the parts live only in the life of the whole. He who shows this to his State does a service which no service can surpass. He who blinds her to it stabs her mortally.

Two Kentuckians have spoken. One defends the treason that, ruining the nation, would make Kentucky contemptible. The other defends the nation, whose permanence is the life-blood of the State.

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VICTIM.

The war is so urgent that it is putting even the language to flight. The English tongue proves inadequate to the occasion. But is our race really so unused to fighting that it must borrow from France the words that describe armies? The papers speak of the *grande armée*. Why not the great army; or, as simplicity is strength, the army? Then what has happened to the good technical, expressive words division or column, that are suddenly unequal to the emergency, and must be superseded by *corps d'armée*? Why should a division or column of the army be called *corps d'armée*, any more than the nation should be called *la République*? War is not a peculiarly French science that its technical terms must be expressed in French.

Let us have an end of this priggish nonsense. General Scott is the chief of an army, not of a *grande armée*; and General M'Dowell and General M'Clellan—whose names be honored!—command divisions, not *corps*.

WHEN TO CELEBRATE A VICTORY.

The proper time to celebrate a victory is when the army returns victorious, not when it marches out to battle. Nobody, probably, who could be said to have any opinion, supposed that this rebellion, which had so long and strong a start of the Government, could be suppressed in a month, or without the fluctuating fortune of war. There must be many battles, victories, and defeats. Now one side will triumph, now the other. The essential point is that every body shall keep his head and heart as cool as possible; and above all, not suppose that a single battle can conclude the war.

We must rely upon our common sense. At this moment of writing, for instance, the advance of our army is checked at Manassas. Now let us suppose that the enemy is in as strong force as we: we know that they have the choice of position; that they are strongly and skillfully fortified; that they have as many cannon, and that they are as well-served; that in their ranks are many men who, under the melancholy delusion cast upon them by their leaders, seriously believe that they are opposing the irruption of a savage horde whose motto is "Beauty and booty;" that the Rebel Congress has just assembled at Richmond, and that defeat now would be so to dishearten that body and demoralize the insurrection, that every nerve will be strained to desperation to secure success.

Bearing these facts in mind, and remembering the chances of war, it would be by no means surprising if the enemy held their position. But what then? Did you suppose that our army was to march straight from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico? Did you suppose that all the transfer of so many of the best arms of the country to the rebel part of the country by that worthy patriot, John B. Floyd, was to have no result? Above all, did you suppose that the leaders of this cruel rebellion would dare to retreat altogether? They must stand somewhere: they must fight: for it is better for them to run the risk of a battle with loyal citizens than meet the fatal rage of those whom they have duped into treason.

But while a great defeat at this period of the war would be the ruin of the rebellion, a defeat would be but a delay to the Government. It would deepen and intensify the struggle. It would be a victory as fatal to the rebels as that of Bunker Hill was to the British. It would open a new view of this great effort of Constitutional liberty to maintain itself; and the calmest and most reasonable of citizens would repeat the words of Senator Dixon of Connecticut, and Senator Browning of Illinois, calmest and most reasonable of Senators: "The nation must be preserved pure and inviolate, and whatever stands in the way, whether political or vested right, must go down."

It is for the rebel meeting at Richmond to determine at what cost to themselves they will compel the Government of the United States to celebrate its victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate;
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales, play as well:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease;
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir
At St. George's Church by Hanover Square.
Hoy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage, and horses to ride,
Stand an opera-box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.
Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait;
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short-all that she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell.
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A letter from Naples says: "Standing on Castle Elmo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow the writer must have!

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A fast girl fails to catch a lord and master,
Because some other girls are rather faster.
And ev'n a fast man fears to take a wife,
If fast, who'll be bound fast to him for life.

At it Again, you See!—The Wiscount is ever apt at an absurdity. A friend of his the other day was talking of America, and saying that to set the slaves all free without injuring their owners would be almost an act of magic. "Magic!" chirped the Wiscount. "Well, I don't see that exactly. But it might certainly be called an act of negromancy!"

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.

What's the difference between the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, and his successor?

Abdul Medjid is Abdul as was, but the present Sultan is Abdul Aziz.

We are told that "as a man makes his bed so he must lie in it." It is so with a bankrupt; for we find that, when his balance-sheet is not drawn up all straight, there is generally awful lying in it.

Infallible Recipe for Hot Weather.—What is the best way to prevent meat turning? Eat it straight off.

"All Alive, Oh!"—Friendship, it must be confessed, is of a far more cannibalistic turn than Enmity. Men are merely bitten by their enemies, but they are eaten up by their friends.

Louis XIV. being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service. "That is precisely the charge," said the old man, "which your majesty's enemies bring against me."

An adjutant of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "All you that are without arms, hold up your hands!"

A Bladensburg correspondent tells us of an officer in one of the volunteer regiments stationed there: Finding that offenses against good discipline were getting to be entirely too numerous, he established a court-martial for the trial and judgment of offenders, and issued the following order: "If the court-martial exonerates an offender, then the officer of the day will punish him in such manner as he may think proper—handcuffing or tying to a fence."

A great toper, who had drunk nothing stronger than brandy all his life, called for a goblet of water on his death-bed, saying, "When a man is dying he ought to make it up with his enemies."

The following letter was sent by a father to his son at college:

"My dear Son,—I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds, without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

"We knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be, would be.' He lived in a region infested by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time he found some of his family had taken it. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came any how. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun.'"

People generally freeze in doubling the Cape; but a lady generally doubles hers to keep her warm.

A gentleman made his wife a present of a silver drinking-cup, with an angel at the bottom, and when he filled it for her, she used to drain it to the bottom, and he asked her why she drank every drop. "Because, ducky," she said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which he had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and she drank it off just the same; and he again asked her the reason. "Why," replied the wife, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

An anti-tobacco lecturer spoke so powerfully against the use of tobacco that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths by way of punishment.

"Good-morning, Dennis. You have at last, I perceive, displayed taste in the purchase of a hat."

"Thrue for you, Sir; sure it has a crown any how; but look at them *brogues*, Sir; arn't they illegant?"

To this I assented, but observed that his coat seemed to fit him "too much."

"Och!" said he, in a confidential manner, "there's nothing surprising in that: *sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it.*"

Not long since a gentleman took his little daughter to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted. After the operation her father said to her, "Now, my dear, if you don't put your tongue where the tooth came out, you'll have a gold tooth. To which she replied, "If I should have one, father, it wouldn't be long before you would be trying to get it out."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

"The child is father to the man." Not invariably; we have known it to be mother of the woman.

A "Ladies' Shoemaker" advertises himself as one of the luminaries of "the *Sole her System.*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 16th, the Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill. The resolution approving the acts of the President in suppressing the rebellion was discussed by Senator Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in opposition to its adoption. An executive session was held, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Commerce, in response to a resolution directing inquiry as to what measures are necessary to suppress privateering and render the blockade of the rebel ports more effectual, reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to hire, purchase, or contract for such vessels as may be necessary for a temporary increase of the navy, the vessels to be furnished with such ordnance, stores, and munitions of war as will enable them to render the most efficient service. The bill was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. A bill authorizing the President to call out the militia to suppress rebellion was passed unanimously. The bill authorizing the President to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers was also passed. The Senate's amendments to the Loan Bill were all concurred in. A joint resolution, conveying the thanks of Congress to Major-General George B. M'Clellan and the officers and soldiers under his command, for the recent brilliant victories over the rebels in Western Virginia, was unanimously adopted. The bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces, and for other purposes, was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 17th, the Senate passed the bill providing for a temporary increase of the navy. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment, and providing a retiring list for the army, was taken up, debated, and recommitted to the Committee on Military Affairs. A committee of conference was ordered on the House amendment to the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers. A bill to suppress insurrection and sedition was introduced and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Henry May, of Maryland, was sworn in and took his seat. A resolution was offered extending the scope of the investigations of the select committee appointed to examine into the contracts of the War Department. After considerable discussion the resolution was adopted, by a vote of 81 to 42. The Tariff bill was then taken up. The Tariff bill, levying a war tax on tea, coffee, sugar, etc., was discussed in committee, but no definite action was taken.

On Thursday, 18th, in the Senate the Secretary announced that Vice-President Hamlin would be unable to attend during the remainder of the session, when, on motion, Senator Foot, of Vermont, was elected *pro tempore* presiding officer. The bill providing for an Assistant Secretary of the Navy was passed; a proposed amendment, providing also for an Assistant Secretary of the Interior, being rejected. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment was reported back to the Senate from the Military Committee, with amendments. The amendment in relation to filling the vacancies in the West Point Academy was, after some discussion, stricken out. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the army or navy shall be used to subjugate sovereign States or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and spirited debate, in which several Senators participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain its authority and the authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. This substitute of Senator Sherman's was agreed to by 33 to 4, and the bill as amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee of Conference on the bill to authorize the employment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill supplemental to the act for the punishishment of piracy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the rebellious States. A considerable portion of the day's session was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on a resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Baltimore, to Richmond, and his alleged complicity in various ways with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was quite animated and interesting. The House afterward passed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill were concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to twenty-four thousand men was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting those regiments into volunteer forces, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Friday, 19th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the construction of one or more iron-cased steamships of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The resolution approving the acts of the President with reference to the suppression of the rebellion was discussed by Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who was in favor of a separation of the States rather than civil war. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was passed; also the Senate bill providing for a temporary increase of the navy. Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, asked leave to submit resolutions declaring the present civil war had been forced on us by the disunionists of the Southern States now in rebellion against the Government of the United States; that in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of passion and resentment, will recollect only their duty to their country; that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or for interfering with the rights or established institutions of these States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, with the rights and equality under it unimpaired; that as soon as these objects shall be accomplished the war ought to cease. Mr. Stevens objected to the introduction of the resolutions. The Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means announced that he had no more bills to report, and moved an adjournment till Monday, which was agreed to.

On Saturday, 20th, in the Senate, the bill respecting the construction of iron-cased ships-of-war was laid over, as was also a bill increasing the army medical corps. A resolution directing inquiry into the circumstances of the surrender of the navy-yards at Pensacola and Norfolk was referred to the Naval Committee. A bill providing for furnishing arms to loyal citizens in the rebellious States was referred to the Military Committee. The resolution approving the acts of the President in suppressing the rebellion was taken up, and discussed by Senator Latham, of California, who approved of all the acts of Mr. Lincoln, and declared, furthermore, if the President had not exercised the powers he assumed, he (Senator Latham) would have voted to have him impeached, as unfit and unworthy of the place he occupied, and derelict in its duties. Senator Rice, of Minnesota, said he indorsed the sentiments of Senator Latham. After an executive session the Senate adjourned. ——The House was not in session, having adjourned over till Monday.

On Monday, 22d, in the Senate, the bill to provide for iron-clad ships and floating batteries was passed. A very interesting part of the Senate's proceedings was the consideration of the bill authorizing the confiscation of the property of rebels. On the taking up of this bill an amendment was offered by Senator Trumbull to include slaves in the category of confiscated property, which gave rise to a spirited debate, in which various Senators participated. The amendment was agreed to by thirty-two yeas to six nays, and the bill was passed. A bill from the Finance Committee, supplementary to the act authorizing a national loan, was passed. A resolution was introduced by Senator M'Dougal, of California, and referred to the Military Committee, to the effect that it is the policy of the Government to organize a regular army of one hundred and fifty thousand men. The consideration of the joint resolution approving of the acts of President Lincoln was postponed till Wednesday. A message was received from the President, when an executive session was held.——In the House, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, offered resolutions to the effect that the present war has been forced on the country by the Southern disunionists, but that, nevertheless, the only object of the Government in prosecuting it is to maintain its integrity and the unity of our entire country, and that when these objects shall have been accomplished the war shall terminate. These resolutions were adopted almost unanimously. A vote of thanks was passed to the brave Massachusetts Sixth Regiment, of 19th of April fame; also to the gallant Pennsylvanians who passed through Baltimore on the 18th of April, on their way to the defence of the national capital. A resolution in reference to the disasters to the national forces at Bull's Run, declaring undiminished confidence in our ultimate success, was introduced and appropriately referred. Following this, a resolution was passed to the effect that the preservation of our glorious Union is a sacred trust, and that no disasters, however apparently overwhelming, must deter the nation or its representatives from the performance of this high duty. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for any information which he may possess in regard to the enlistment by the rebels of Indians and negroes in their traitorous army. A bill was passed for reimbursing the Governors of States for expenses incurred in fitting out regiments for the support of the national Government in the present emergency. Several other subjects received attention, after which the House adjourned.

THE ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY.

The grand advance movement of the Union army into Virginia took place last week. General M'Dowell, with his staff, left Arlington on 16th, with nearly his whole force of some 60,000 men, at half past three o'clock. The brigade of General Louis Blenker, comprising the Eighth and Twenty-ninth Regiments New York Volunteers, the Garibaldi Guard, and the Twenty-fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, formed the advance column of the grand army.

The rebels evacuated Fairfax Court House and Centreville as our troops advanced, falling back on Bull's Run and Manassas Gap. A reconnoissance by General Tyler of the batteries at the former place, on 19th, developed the enemy in great strength; and on Sunday morning, 21st, General M'Dowell attacked them there. These batteries were taken by our troops, and the whole day was spent in hard fighting. At 2 P.M. it seemed that we had carried all the points attacked. But just then General Johnson brought up his army in support of Beauregard, a panic suddenly broke out in our army, and [illegible] retreated on Centreville, Fairfax, and lastly on Washington, with considerable loss. Jeff Davis is said to have commanded the enemy in person.

CHANGES AMONG OUR MILITARY COMMANDERS.

General M'Clellan, whose able management of the campaign in Western Virginia is worthy of all praise, has been called to Washington to take command of the Army of the Potomac. His presence there will no doubt inspire confidence in the men. General M'Dowell will probably resume his former position as General of brigade. Brigadier-General Rosencranz, who so gallantly won the battle of Rich Mountain, is to succeed General M'Clellan in command of the Upper Potomac. General William S. Rosencranz is a native of Ohio and a West Point officer, having entered the Military Academy in 1838. He was breveted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in July, 1842, and was subsequently Assistant Professor of Engineering, and of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in 1847. A few years after this he resigned his commission in the army, and in the year 1854 settled in Cincinnati as an architect and civil engineer, from which position he was called at the opening of the present war to take command of a regiment of Ohio volunteers.

GENERAL PATTERSON SUPERSEDED.

General Patterson has been superseded in his command of the army of the Upper Potomac by Major-General Banks, who is ordered to take the field immediately. The head-quarters of General Patterson's division, at last accounts, was at Charlestown, Virginia, or at some point between that and Winchester, which he was expected to have occupied before this time. Major-General John A. Dix takes the place of General Banks in the Department of Annapolis, with head-quarters at Baltimore.

GENERAL FREMONT AT WASHINGTON.

Major-General Frémont has been summoned to Washington, probably with a view to take council with the War Department as to the government of his new district in the West.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

Our latest accounts from Missouri state that both Ben M'Culloch and Governor Jackson have retreated, with all their available forces, across the Missouri line into Arkansas, for the purpose of drilling their troops. They were supposed to have a command numbering some 17,500, including the Texan Rangers and a Regiment from Mississippi. General Lyon, who was marching south to attack their force, at last accounts, had six thousand men, and expected soon to have ten or twelve thousand. He had also—which is of the utmost importance—a large park of field-artillery of various descriptions, an abundance of ammunition, and a full transportation train. Meantime, in North Missouri secession appears to be entirely crushed out. General Pope has established the National Head-quarters at St. Charles, having under his control about seven thousand troops, so posted that all important points are within easy reach. During the session of the State Convention at Jefferson City the national troops and the Home Guards will encamp outside the city limits.

UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR AT FORTRESS MONROE.

An unfortunate affair has occurred near Fortress Monroe. On Friday night a volunteer scouting party, it appears, went out from Hampton without orders, and were fired upon by a party of rebels, about four o'clock in the morning, while in the woods. One of them, Dr. Rawlings, was shot dead by a rifle ball, and two others were captured.

NO BLOCKADE OF NORTH CAROLINA PORTS.

We learn that the port of Beaufort, North Carolina, is for the most time perfectly free from blockade. There are but three Government vessels to look after the entire coast of North Carolina, and, from information we have received, it would not require a very sagacious privateer to slip in or out of any of the ports of that State.

TROUBLE IN THE REBEL CAMP.

The New Orleans *True Delta* of July 10 has two characteristic articles, containing bold denunciations of the duplicity and imbecility of the rebel leaders. One refers to the contemplated assembling of the Congress of the Confederate States in Richmond on 20th inst., of the future of which no very sanguine anticipations are entertained. If the State of Louisiana, it says, is to be taken as a sample of the way things have been conducted, the result shows a treasury collapsed, a great city comparatively defenseless, a people full of chivalrous feeling discouraged, and an ardent and zealous local militia disappointed and disgusted. It suggests that the provisional government should immediately organize the local military strength, under the direction of capable and intelligent military officers, to which should be temporarily attached such scattering material as may be found unemployed in adjacent States, so as to familiarize it for any duty the future may require of it. The other article shows the absurdity of the donation reliance; states that the men who have managed to get the country into war have proved themselves utterly incapable of carrying the rebel States safely and honorably through it, and asks why should not the people awake at once to the opportunity that will soon present itself, to find other men more fit to carry them with honor, glory, and success to a triumphal termination of all their troubles? It is likely that the indignation of the people of the rebellious States will recoil upon the rebel leaders who have madly led them into this unfortunate war.

CHANGE SCARCE IN RICHMOND.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of Saturday says that every body in that locality is just now propounding the important question, "Where is all the specie?" Coppers, it says, are "scarce as meteors, and as for silver, the sight of a quarter or a half dollar is as a flax-seed poultice to diseased oculars."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HONEST AT LAST.

Lord Palmerston stated, in reply to an anti-slavery deputation, that the Government of the United States was now doing more than ever it had done previously for the suppression of the slave traffic.

FRANCE.

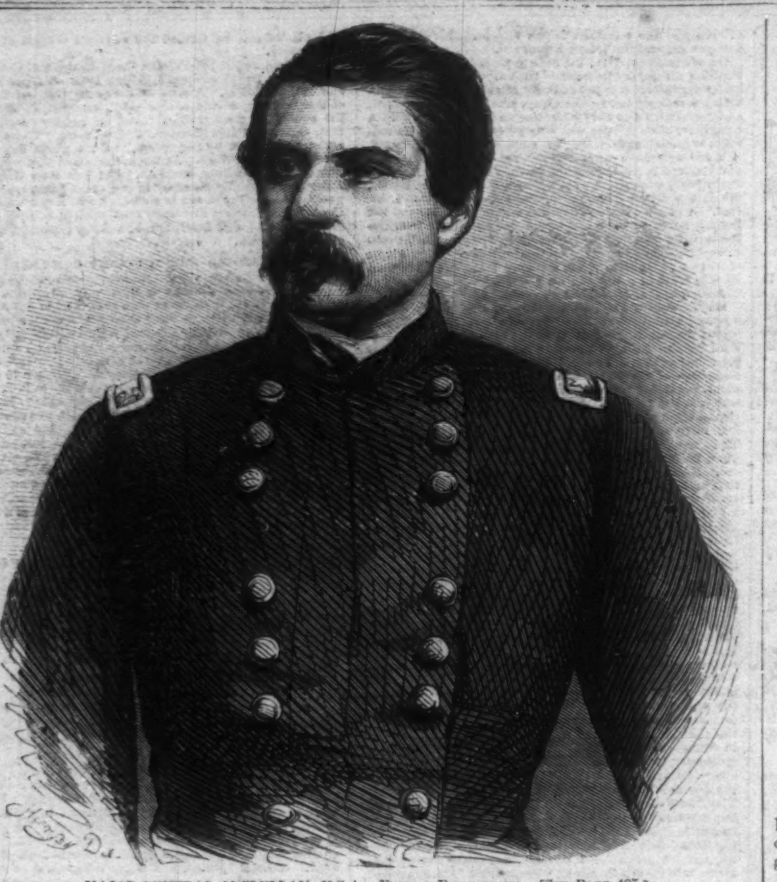
THE EMPEROR NOT READY TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE REBEL GOVERNMENT.

The Paris *Opinion Nationale* of June 26, in commenting on affairs in the United States, takes occasion to speak of the article in the *Patrie* which received a semi-official character from its subsequent publication in the *Moniteur*, and remarks, "It is a personal opinion, nothing more." But it is extremely to be regretted that the *Moniteur* should have reproduced that article and given it an almost official sanction. It is impossible to throw the responsibility of the reproduction by the *Moniteur* of the *Patrie* article on the government.

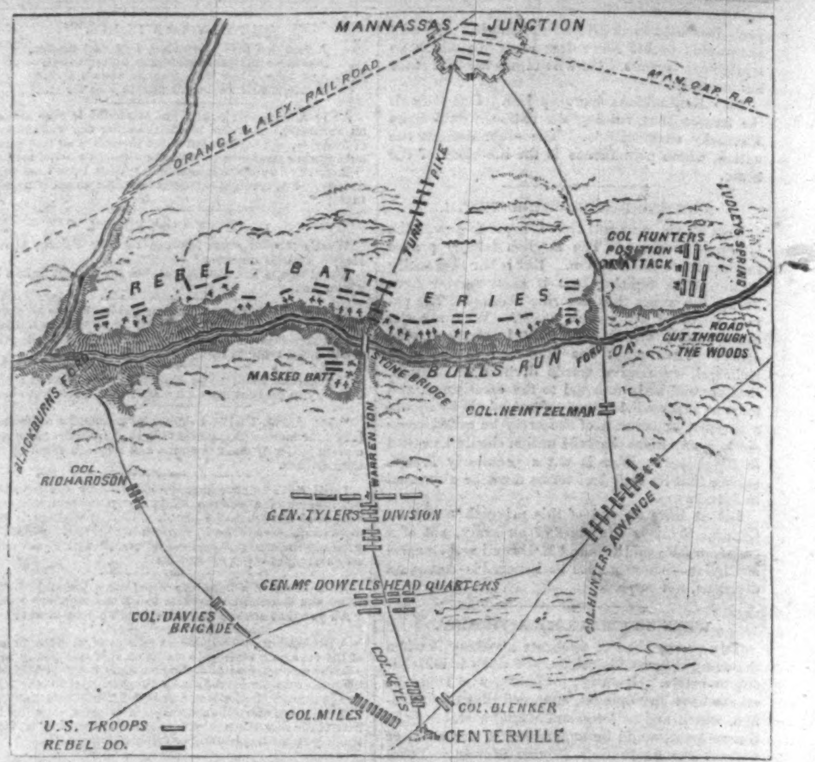
ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

General Fleury, it is asserted, will go to Turin, in order to notify Victor Emanuel of the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by France. The inhabitants of Rome have petitioned the Emperor to withdraw his army from that city. Prince De Bourbino, the bearer of the petition, has been received by M. Thouvenel, the Foreign Minister, but only, it is said, as a private citizen, not as a delegate of the petitioners.



MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN, U.S.A.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 487.]


MANNASSAS JUNCTION
ORANGE & ALEX. RAIL ROAD
MAN. GAP R.R.
TURN PIKE
REBEL BATTERIES
COL HUNTERS POSITION ATTACK
DUDLEYS SPRING
ROAD CUT THROUGH THE WOODS
BULLS RUN
FORD
MASKED BATT
STONE BRIDGE
BLACKBURNS FORD
COL. HEINTZELMAN
COL. RICHARDSON
WARRENTON
GEN. TYLERS DIVISION
COL. HUNTERS ADVANCE
GEN. Mc DOWELLS HEAD QUARTERS
COL. DAVIES BRIGADE
COL. KEYES
COL. MILES
COL. BLENKER
CENTERVILLE
U.S. TROOPS
REBEL DO.

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.—[See Page 491.]

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT.

On page 481 we publish an illustration of the battle in which the late General Garnett, of the Rebel army, lost his life. He had evacuated his camp at Laurel Hill during the night of the 11th. General Morris's column commenced the pursuit the next afternoon. After a terrible forced march through rain and mud, over Laurel Mountain, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrick's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, Tucker County. The rebels drew up in line of battle, and poured in a raking volley on the right of our column—the Ohio Fourteenth—which returned a hot fire, lasting twenty minutes, when Colonel Dumont's Indiana Seventh made a charge upon their battery. They broke and ran, crossing the Ford toward St. George. General Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball which passed through his spine and out at the right breast. He fell dead on the sand Colonel Dumont continued the chase two miles and bivouacked. The rest bivouacked on the battle-ground.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAVAL BATTERY AT VERA CRUZ.

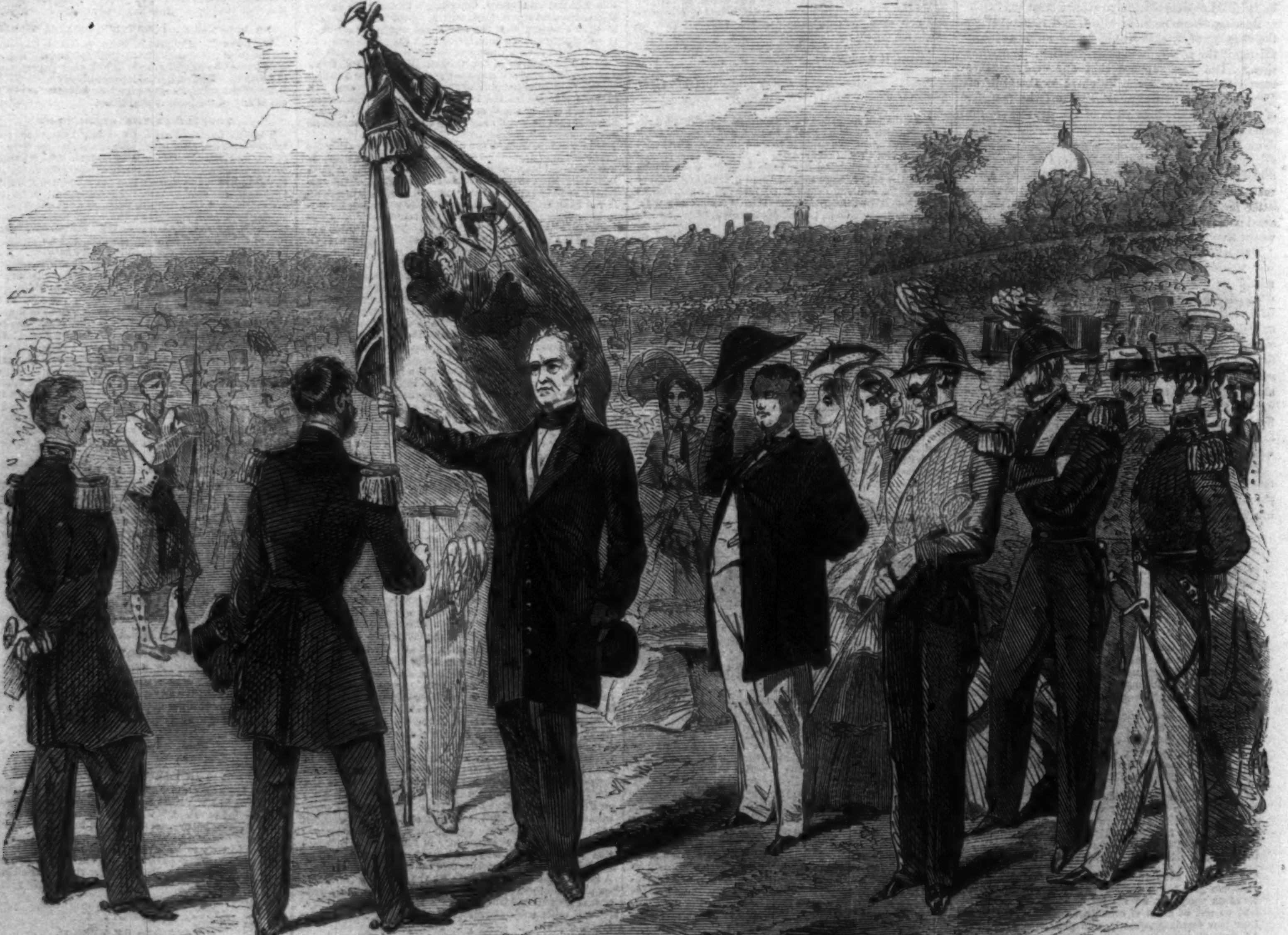
Philadelphia, *July* 15, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

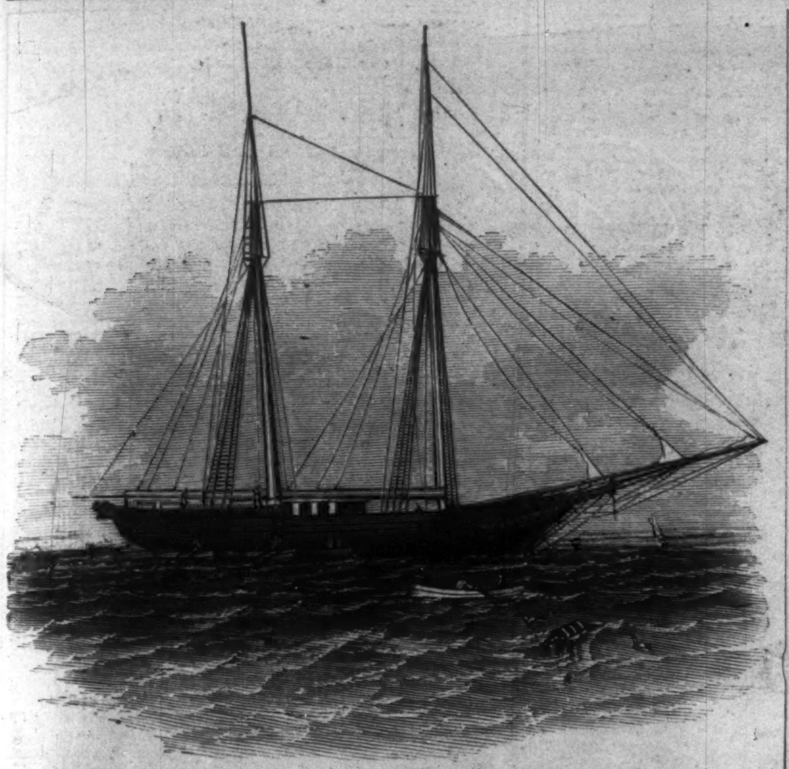
Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 20th I see you state that the men of General Patterson's command manned the Naval Battery that did so much execution at Vera Cruz. The writer of the above has been misinformed, as the guns were manned by the sailors of the ships from which the guns were taken. There were five guns, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Harry Ingersoll, U.S.N. By noticing the above you will but do justice to the sailors who worked the guns, and oblige one who served at the *Raritan's* gun as a blue jacket.

Respectfully, William H. Stell.

Our information with regard to the working of the guns of the Naval Battery at Vera Cruz came from a very high source; but we will let our correspondent tell his story in his own way. General Patterson's recent performance has not justified the expectations of his friends, and but few will regret his retirement to private life. Had he followed Johnson up, the affair at Bull's Run might have terminated very differently.—Ed. *Harper's Weekly*.



PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT, ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES OF BOSTON.
[See Page 487.]



THE SCHOONER "S. J. WARING," RECAPTURED FROM THE PIRATES BY THE NEGRO WM. TILLMAN.

THE SCHOONER "S. J. WARING."

We publish on this page an engraving of the schooner *S. J. Waring*, of Brook Haven, Smith, master, hence for Montevideo, July 4, with an assorted cargo. We also give views of her deck and the cabin, where the tragedy described below occurred. She returned to port on 21st, and reported as follows:

On the third day out from port, the 7th inst., when 150 miles from Sandy Hook, in lat. 38°, long. 69°, was brought to by the privateer brig *Jeff Davis*, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the captain of the schooner to haul down the United States flag, and declared her a prize to the C. S. A. They ransacked the vessel, and took from her what they wanted—such as charts, quadrant, provisions, crockery, etc., and after returning to the schooner a second time, they put a prize-crew of five men on board without arms, and took away Captain Francis Smith, the two mates and two seamen, leaving the steward, two seamen, and Mr. Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger, on board. The prize-crew were Montague O'Neil, a Charleston pilot, in command; one named Stevens, as mate, and Malcolm Liddy, as second mate, and two men.

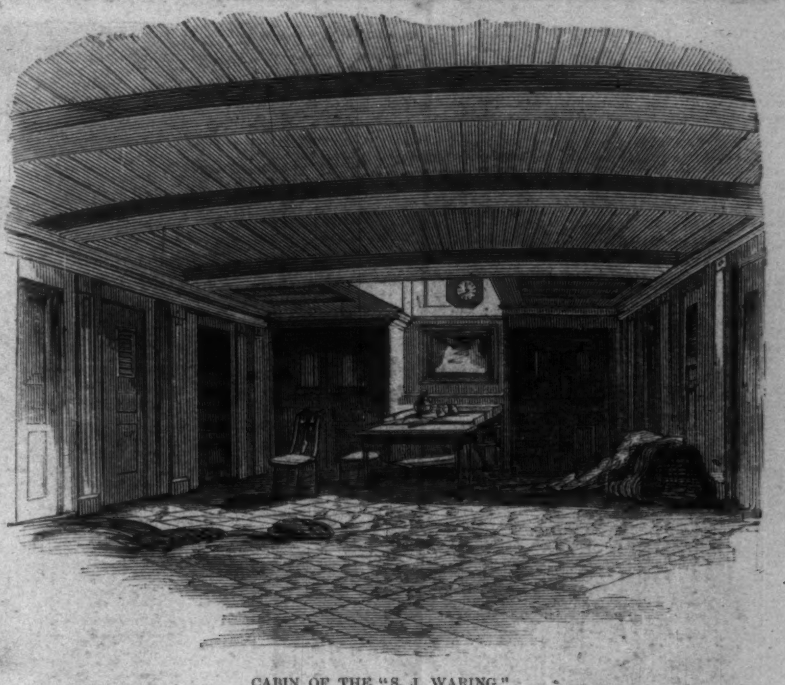
At 3 P.M. the schooner was headed South—probably for Charleston or near by. The remaining crew and the passenger were in hopes of a recapture by some United States vessel, and made themselves agreeable and sociable to the privateersmen, and in consequence they suspected nothing until the night of the 16th of July, when fifty miles to the southward of Charleston.

Seeing no prospect of their hopes being realized, and the prize captain and first mate being asleep in their berths, and the second mate at the wheel, the others dozing or asleep, the preconcerted plan was carried into effect by the steward, William Tillman (colored), killing the three with a hatchet, and throwing the bodies overboard. It was all finished in five minutes. One of the remaining men was tied up that night, and both were released in the morning on promise to help work the vessel, and were treated accordingly.

After retaking the vessel the charge of her devolved on the steward. Neither he nor the rest understood navigation, but having once got hold of the land he brought her safely up to pilot ground, when Mr. Charles Warner, of the pilot-boat *Jane*, took charge of her.

Another accouut gives the following details:

As soon as the vessel was fairly in the hands of the secessionists, the Stars and Stripes which fluttered from the mast was taken down and cut up into pieces, in order to make a rebel flag out of it. This it was, Tillman avers, which first inspired him with a hatred and an incentive of revenge, as he saw the flag of the Union trampled upon so shamefully by those cowardly traitors to the cause of freedom. Things went on smoothly enough until the seventh day after the capture, the 14th of July—Tillman meanwhile planning in his mind the best method to adopt in order to retake the vessel. The crew of the *S. J. Waring* were working the vessel at the time, and consequently not kept in irons. One of the men composing the crew, named Donald M'Leod, it appears, refused taking the vessel, and notwithstanding this, the brave Tillman did not hesitate in carrying out the heroic work which he had been planning out in his mind for several days previous.



CABIN OF THE "S. J. WARING."

Three days passed in this manner, until the night of the 16th, when shortly before the hour of midnight, Tillman determined upon freeing the vessel from the pirates. It was half past eleven o'clock precisely, according to his own statement. The captain, Montague Amiel, was asleep in his cabin, together with Stevens, the mate, in the berth next to him. The second mate, Malcom Siding, was also asleep on the poop-deck, and the other two seamen composing the pirate prize-crew, were lounging leisurely at the forehead part of the ship.

Tillman stole up from between decks, with hatchet in hand, and first went down into the captain's cabin, who was sound asleep in bed. He then raised his axe and gave him a vigorous blow on his skull, from which he seemed to be launched into eternity, for he moved not an inch. The negro next proceeded to deal with the mate, who was also reclining near his captain fast asleep, and dealt with him in the same summary and terrible manner. After leaving both these men dead below, Tillman came on the poop-deck and struck the second mate a fearful blow over the temple. The unfortunate man was just rising from his reclining position, with little expectation that he was about being launched into eternity. He then went below once more, took hold of the captain's body and flung him overboard, doing the same with that of the mate and second mate. The coast being now clear, he called out to the two remaining of the crew aft, telling them that they must obey him as captain of the vessel, or he would throw them overboard also. The men yielded up without a murmur, when he had them at once ironed, but subsequently released them on their consenting to assist in bringing the vessel to a Northern port. The names of these men are James Molineau and James Dorset, one nineteen years old and the other twenty-two.

The coast was now clear of danger, and the hero Tillman proceeded to use the best means in his power for the safe navigation of his vessel into a Northern port. It was at this time, finding that the *S. J. Waring* was too heavy for a short crew, that he offered Dorset and Molineau their liberty if they would assist him in the working of the ship. On this occasion he (Tillman) graphically expressed himself as follows: "If you cut up any didos overboard you go; recollect that I am captain of this ship now."

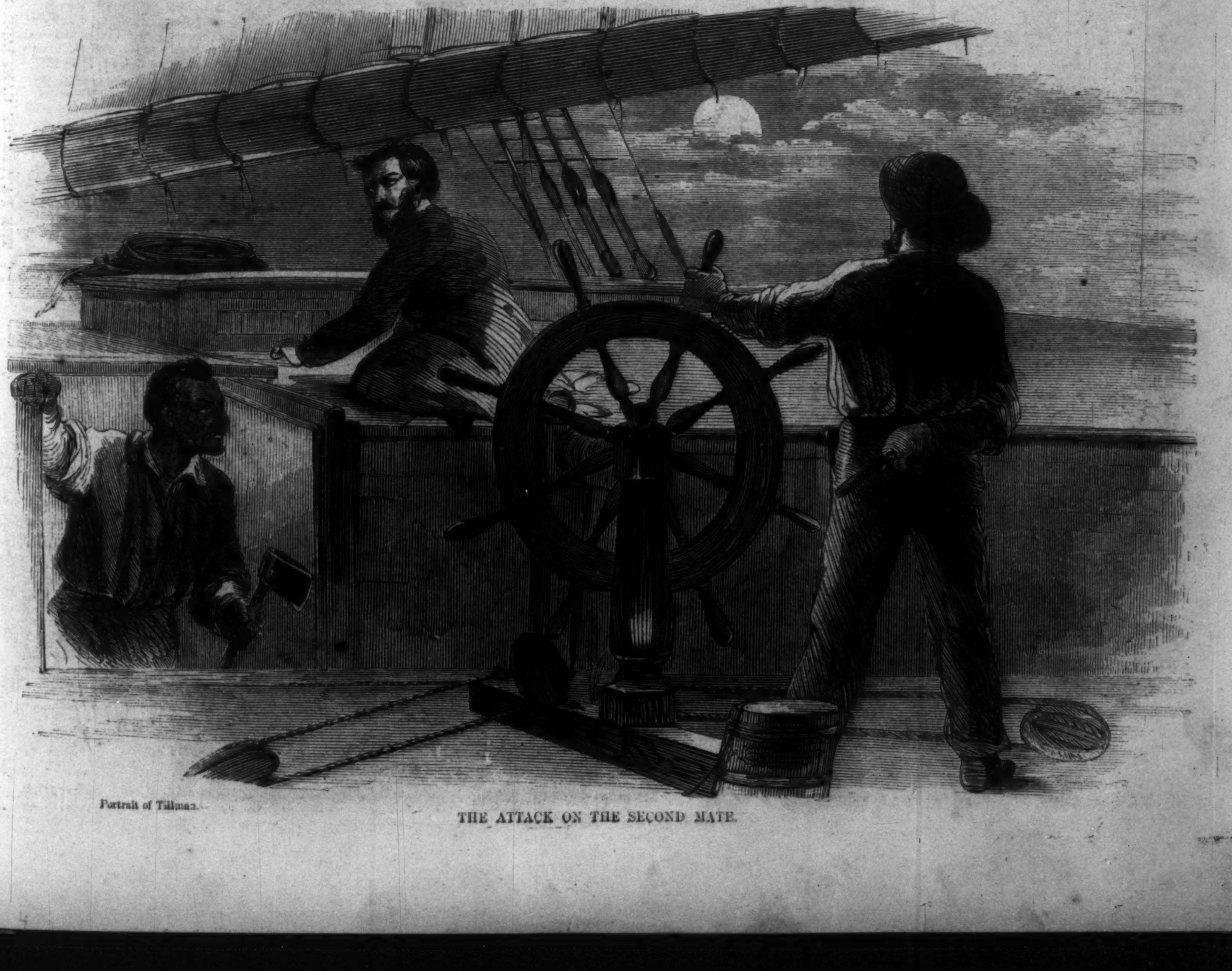
The whole time consumed in killing the three men, putting them overboard, and getting the vessel under his own command, Tillman relates as being exactly seven and a half minutes.

With regard to the scene of the tragedy the *Herald* reporter says:

The state-room occupied by the rebel captain of the schooner presents exactly the same appearance as it did when the death-dealing strokes of Tillman hurried them into that land "from whose bourne no traveler returns." The sheets of the bed and the floor were covered with blood, and the entire scene was one at which human nature might well shudder. The berth-room of the mate did not present so revolting an appearance as that of the captain, as it appeared that he did not bleed as much as the captain. No struggle whatever appeared to have taken place in either case, but that state of disorder which resulted from the dragging of the bodies on board.

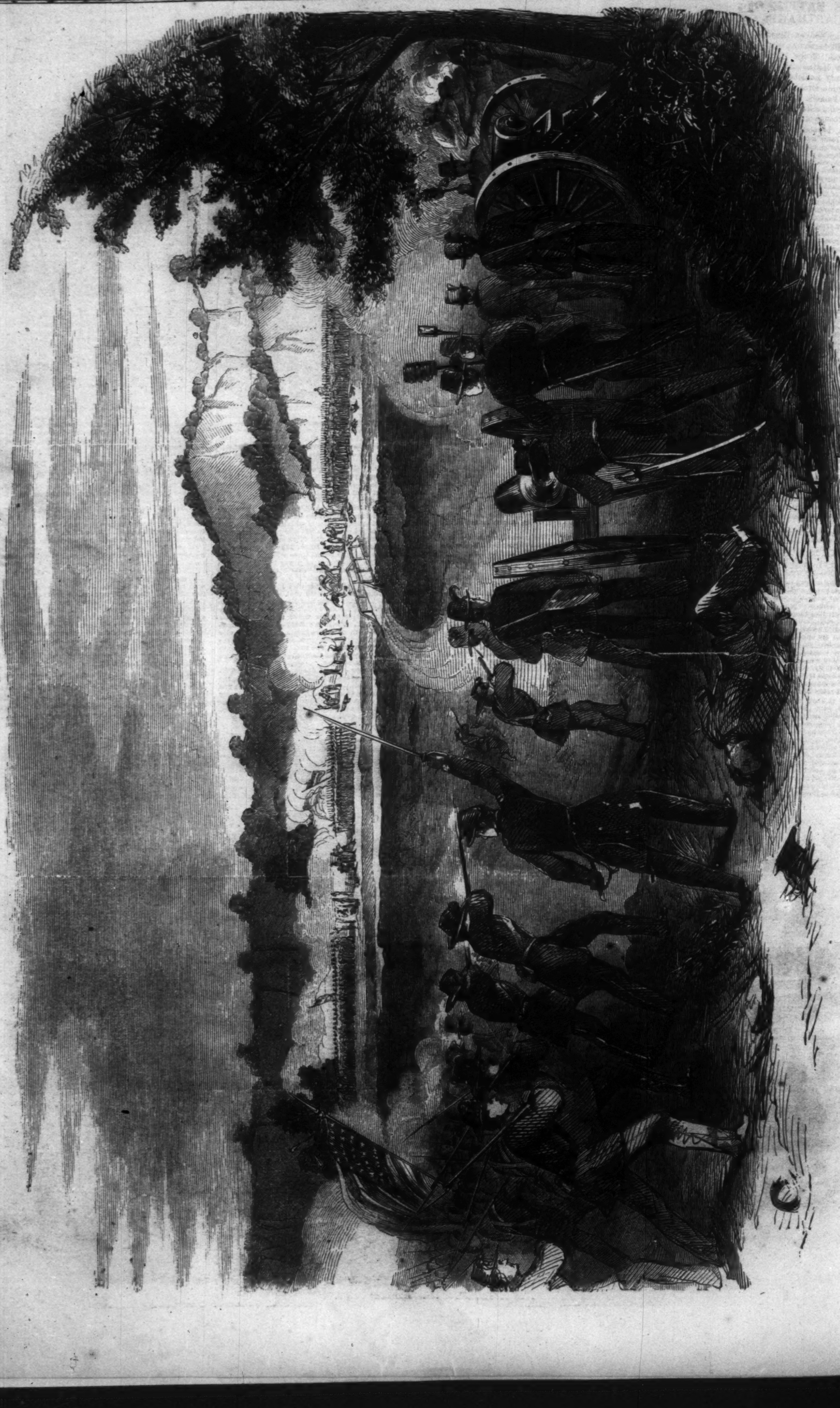
The place where the second mate expired was stained with but a few spots of blood, as he lay upon the rebel flag which had been cut out from the Stars and Stripes, that bearing several marks of the crimson fluid. The flag remains at the head-quarters of the Harbor Police, together with the axe with which the deed was committed and the coat which the rebel captain was in the habit of wearing. The tonnage of the schooner is rated about 300, and she is said to be a fast-sailing and quite a stanch little craft, and belongs to Jones, Smith, & Co., of this city. There is no ordnance on the vessel. She was built in Port Jefferson, Long Island, in 1853.

The negro Tillman has been confined in the House of Detention as a witness, but will doubtless shortly be liberated. He has been before the Chamber of Commerce, and it is in contemplation to present him with a substantial reward.



Portrait of Tillman.

THE ATTACK ON THE SECOND MATE.



THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE, MISSOURI.—From a Sketch made on the Spot.—[See next Page.]

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

On page 486 we illustrate The Battle of Carthage, where Colonel Siegel, of the United States Volunteers of Missouri, kept at bay and severely punished a very disproportionate force of rebels, under Generals Parsons and Rains. The St. Louis *Republican* gives the following account of the affair:

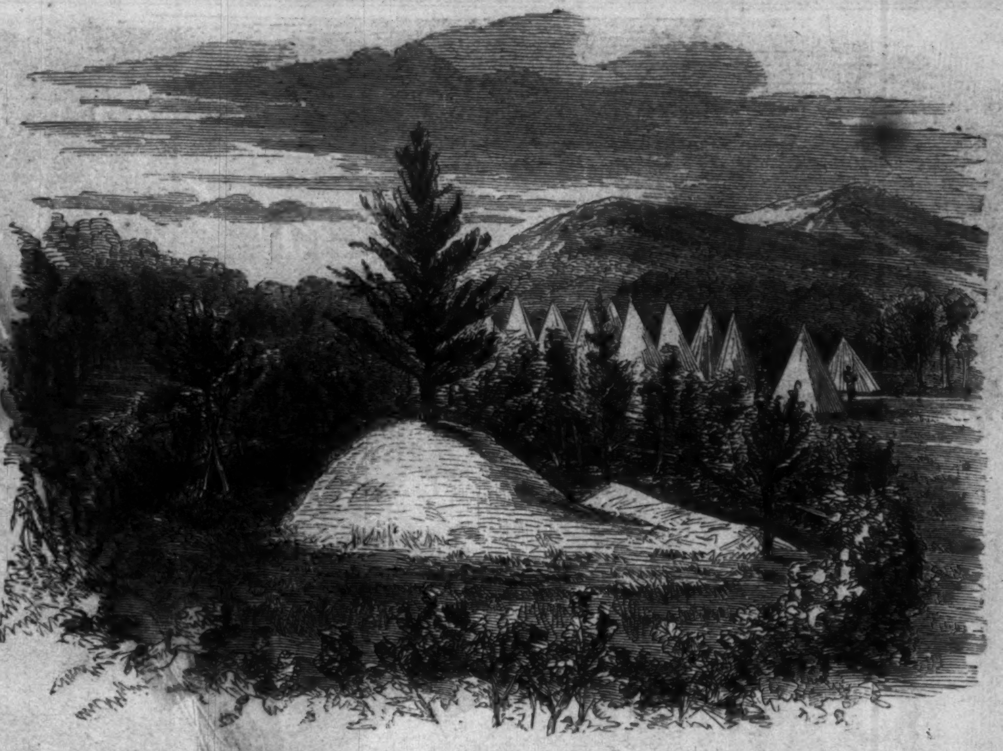
On Friday morning last, at five o'clock, a scouting party sent out by Colonel Siegel encountered, about two miles distant from Carthage, a picket guard of the State troops, who were attacked, and three taken prisoners. With all dispatch Colonel Siegel prepared to go forward, expecting to meet the State troops some distance west of Carthage. About half past nine o'clock the meeting took place in an open prairie seven miles beyond Carthage. Lieutenant Tosk estimates the number of the opposing army at five thousand, chiefly cavalry, but supplied with a battery of five cannon—four six-pounders and one twelve-pounder—while Colonel Siegel's command consisted of his own regiment of two battalions, and Colonel Salomon's detached regiment, with several pieces of artillery, under command of Major Backof. Colonel Siegel's regiment had six hundred men, and Colonel Salomon's five hundred. The State troops were commanded by Generals Parsons and Rains. Major Backof, under the direction of Colonel Siegel, opened the fire, which continued briskly for nearly two hours. In less than an hour the twelve-pounder of the State troops was dismounted, and soon after the whole battery was silenced. The superior arms of the Unionists enabled them to maintain a situation of comparatively little danger. The State troops—whom, for convenience, we shall call Jackson's men—twice broke their ranks, but were rallied and held their position very well, considering the destructive discharges against them, until their guns gave out, when their column was again broken.

At this juncture about fifteen hundred of the cavalry started back with the intention of cutting off Siegel's transportation train, seeing which movement a retreat was ordered, and word sent immediately for the wagons to advance as rapidly as possible. By keeping up the fire with the infantry, and bringing the artillery in range whenever practicable, Colonel Siegel managed to retard the progress of Jackson's cavalry, and eventually to fall back almost unobstructed to the baggage train, which was some three and a half miles from the scene of the first engagement.

By a skillful movement the wagons were placed in the centre of the column in such a manner that there were artillery and infantry forces both in front and rear. Jackson's troops then retreated and endeavored to surround the entire column by taking a position upon some high bluffs or hills overlooking a creek.

Major Backof ordered two of the artillery pieces in front to oblique to the left and two to the right, and at the same time a similar movement was made from Colonel Siegel's battalions. This was a manœuvre to induce Jackson's men to believe that Siegel was seeking to pass out on the extremes of their lines, and to outflank the cavalry. It was followed by a closing up to the right and to the left by the forces on the bluffs, when, on reaching a point three hundred and fifty yards from the cavalry, the four pieces were ordered to a transverse oblique, and immediately a heavy cross-fire was opened with canister. At the same time the infantry charged at double-quick, and in ten minutes the State troops were scattered in every direction. Ten rounds of canister were fired from each of the cannon, together with several rounds by the infantry.

This was at about five o'clock in the evening, and the engagement, with the manœuvring, had occupied in the neighborhood of two hours. Jackson's cavalry were poorly mounted, being armed chiefly with shot guns and common rifles. They had no cannon on the bluffs or hills, and were consequently able to make little or no resistance to the attacks of Colonel Siegel. Forty-five men and eighty horses were taken belonging to Jackson's troops, and there were also captured sixty double-barreled shot guns and some revolvers and bowie-knives. Our informant states that one of the prisoners, on being asked how many had been killed on his side, estimated the loss at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred.



GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS, NEAR ROACH'S MILLS, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by an Ohio Volunteer.]

GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

Nine members of the First Regiment Ohio Volunteers were killed in the affair at Vienna on the 17th of June, 1861. They were buried in the rear of their encampment near Roach's Mills, Virginia, on the 18th, and the same day the encampment was removed to a point five miles beyond, on the road to Vienna. On the evening of the 18th the Third Regiment New Jersey Militia occupied the ground vacated by the Ohio troops. Finding the graves unprotected, by direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Moore the Jersey troops built a neat fence of cedar branches around the graves. Under the mound are the bodies of eight men, and in the grave in front lies the body of the sergeant, who died after the others were buried. A few days after the burial the place was visited by some of the officers of the Ohio Regiment, and after their departure two Masonic emblems (a small gilt slipper and a triangle containing the letter "G") were found hanging on the cedar planted in the centre of the mound.

GENERAL HILL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

Rowlesburg, the head-quarters of General Hill in Western Virginia, is situated in a deep gorge in the Alleghanies, at a point where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses Cheat River. The scenery around it is bold, grand, and picturesque, shut in by towering mountain-walls, the dark stream flows silently on, overshadowed with dense forests of hemlock and laurel. This region of country is wild and thinly populated, and deer and bear roam unmolested along the thickly-wooded slopes. The little village has sprung up since the opening of the railroad, and has become quite a thriving place. General Hill is at present concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, by order of General M'Clellan, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the Confederates lately under Garnett, at St. George. The illustration will be found on page 490

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

We publish on page 484 a portrait of Major-General M'Clellan, U.S.A., whose brilliant victories in Western Virginia we have already illustrated. We subjoin an authentic account of General M'Clellan's career:

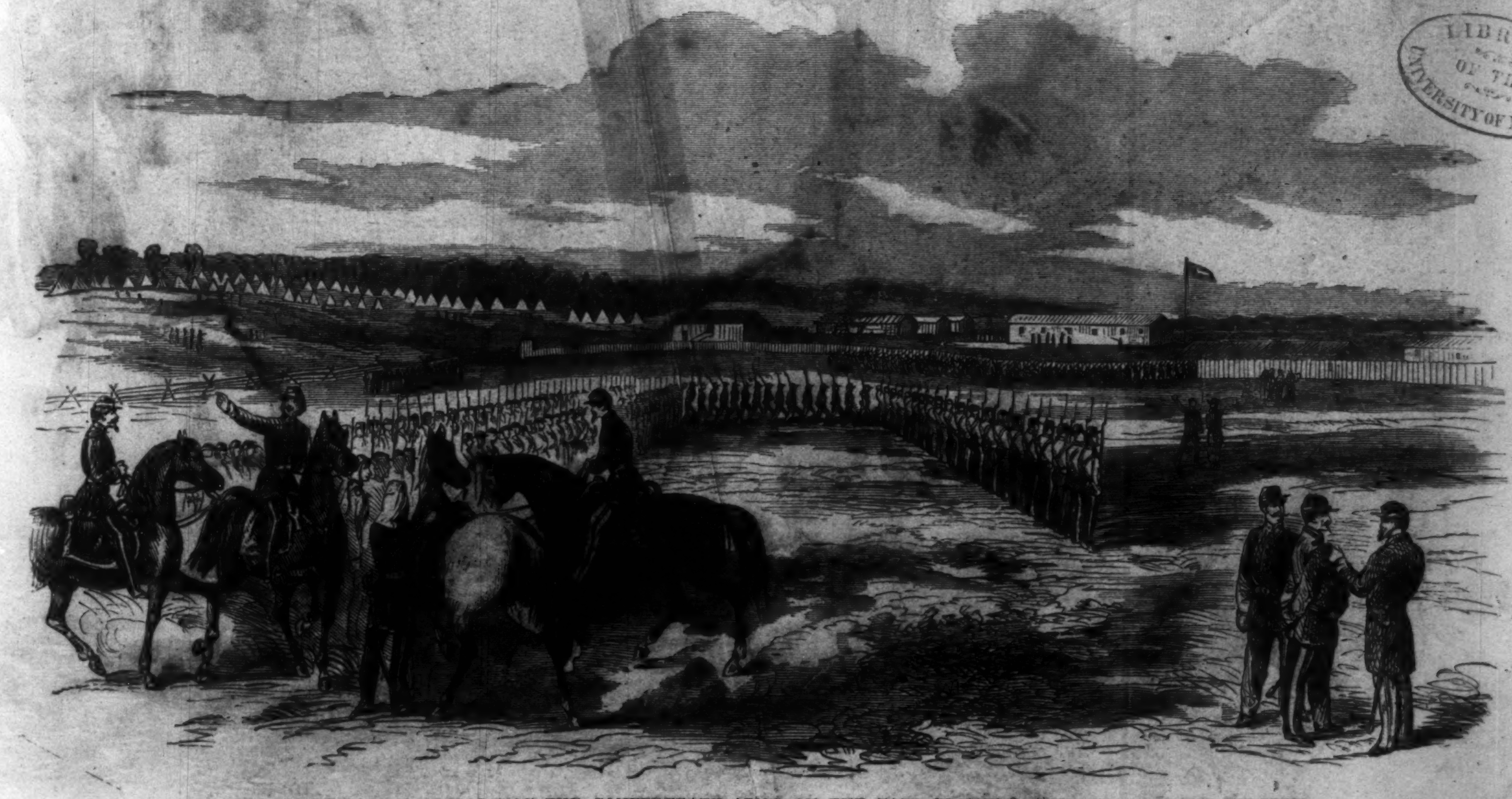
He was born in Philadelphia on December 3, 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating with the class of 1846, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Until the Mexican war, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," as the orders expressed it, he was breveted First Lieutenant. "For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey," on September 8, 1847, he was offered a Brevet Captaincy, which he declined. He was advanced to this rank, however, subsequently, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chapultepec," and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers in May, 1848. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adapted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty, under Major R. B. Marcy, in the expedition for the exploration of the Red River. Thence he was ordered direct to Texas, as senior engineer, on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and engaged for some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that State. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, in command of the Western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route. He returned to the East in 1854, on duty connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commission in the First Regiment of Cavalry, and was appointed a member of the commission which went to the seat of war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Colonel Richard Delafield, one of his colleagues, is now an officer in the rebel army, and Major Alfred Mordecai, the third member of the Commission, a short time ago resigned the Superintendency of the Troy Arsenal. Major M'Clellan's report on the "Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War," a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea, greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier. In January, 1857, weary of inaction, he resigned his position in the army to become Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also General Superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major M'Clellan's services were at once called into requisition. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, tried to secure the benefit of his experience in organizing the volunteers from that State; but the tender of the Major-Generalship of the Ohio forces reached him first, and he at once accepted it. On May 14 he received a commission as Major-General in the United States Army, and now has command of the Department of Ohio, which comprises all of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and that part of Virginia lying north of the Great Kanawha River and west of the Green Brier River and the Maryland line, with so much of Pennsylvania as lies west of a line drawn from the Maryland line to the northeast corner of M'Kean County.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT.

On page 484 we illustrate the presentation of a flag by Edward Everett, on behalf of the ladies of Boston, to the Webster Regiment, at Boston, on July 18, 1861. In presenting the flag to Colonel Fletcher Webster, Mr. Everett said, among other things:

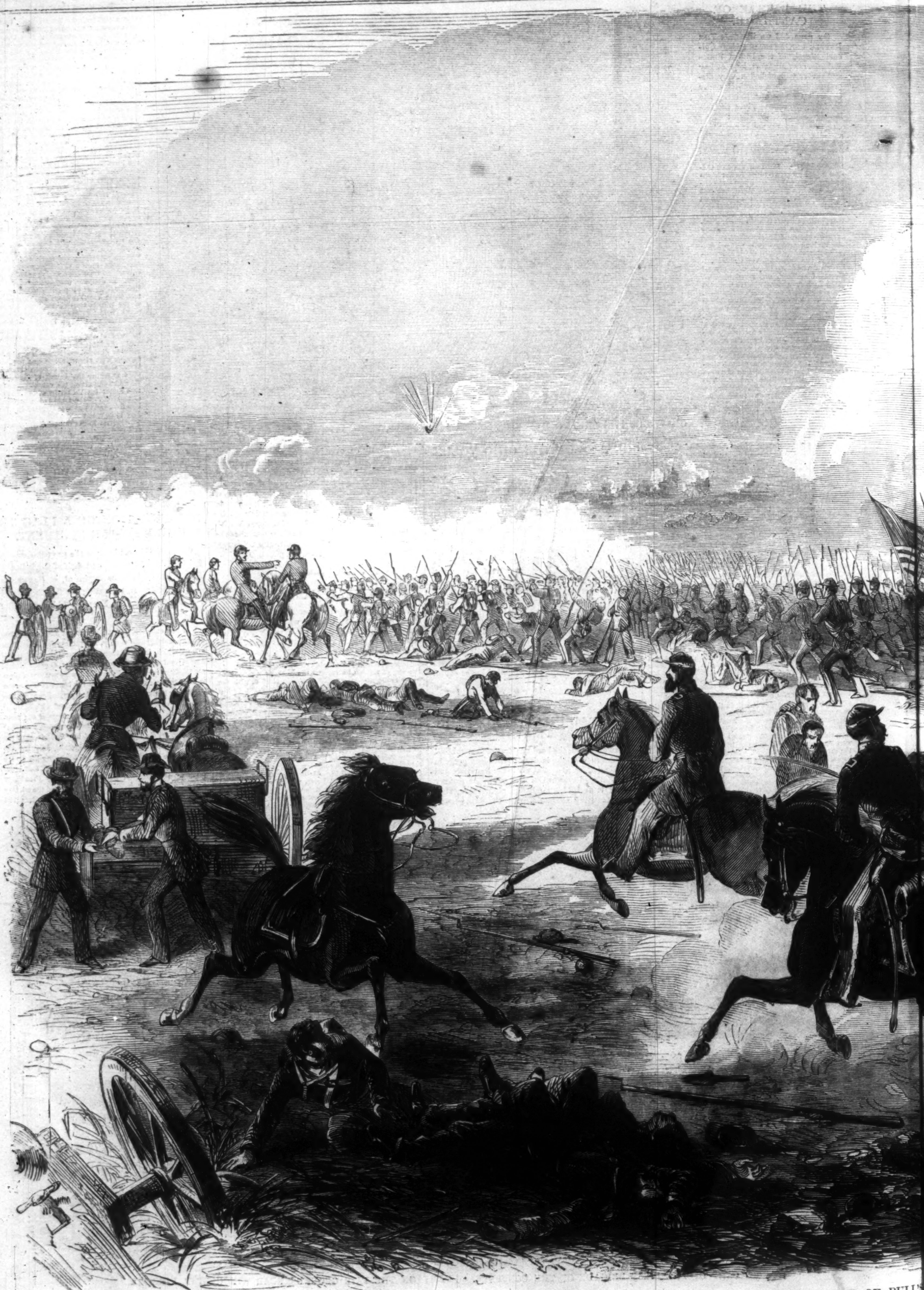
You are entering, Sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty, but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those brave frontier rangers who bore the brunt of the seven years' war in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington. Your noble father, in defence of the menaced Constitution of the country, led those mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less arduous, not less decisive, than the conflicts of the field. Your only brother, following the impulse of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family record that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty faithfully performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

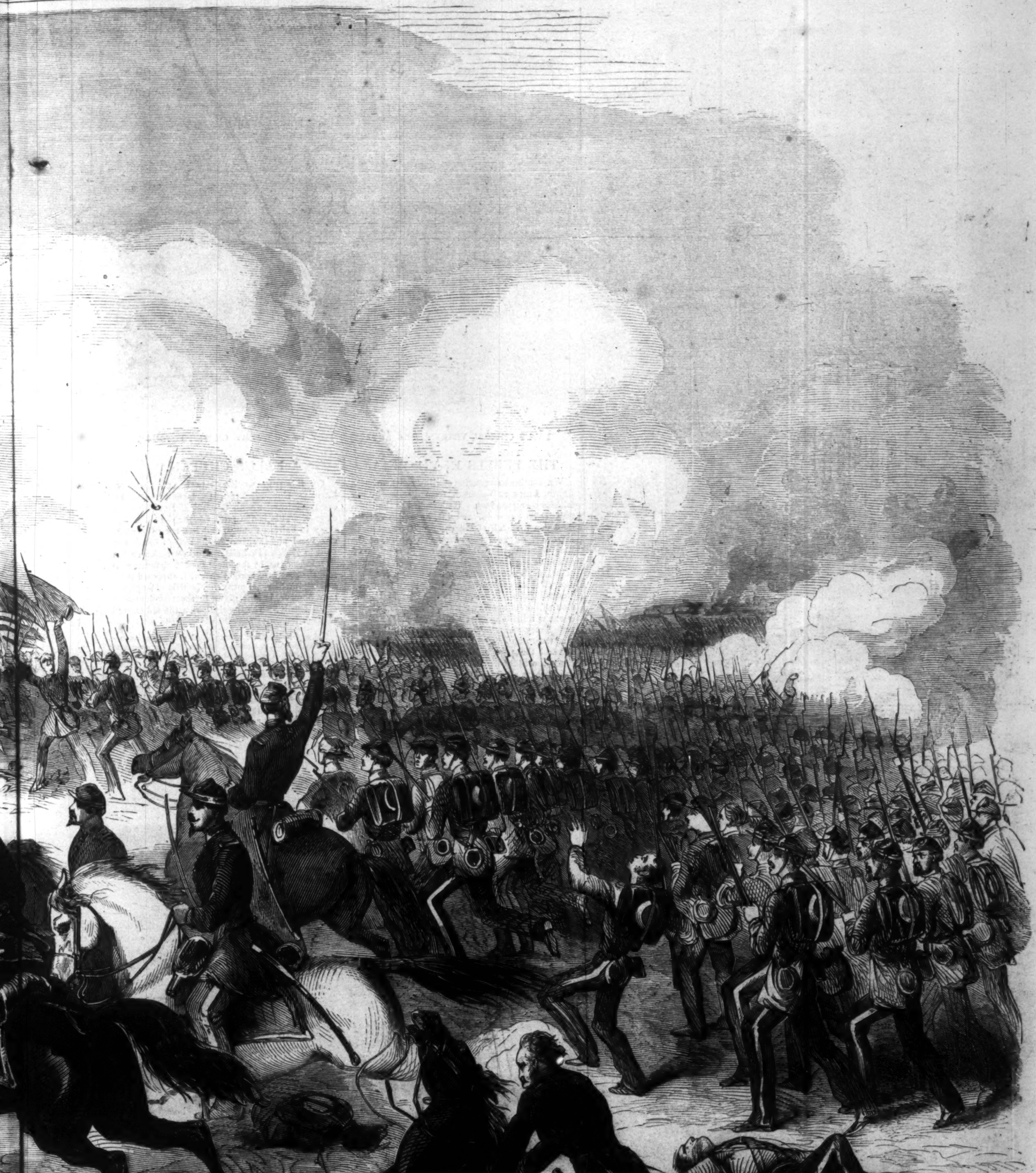


CAMP OF THE FIRST BRIGADE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

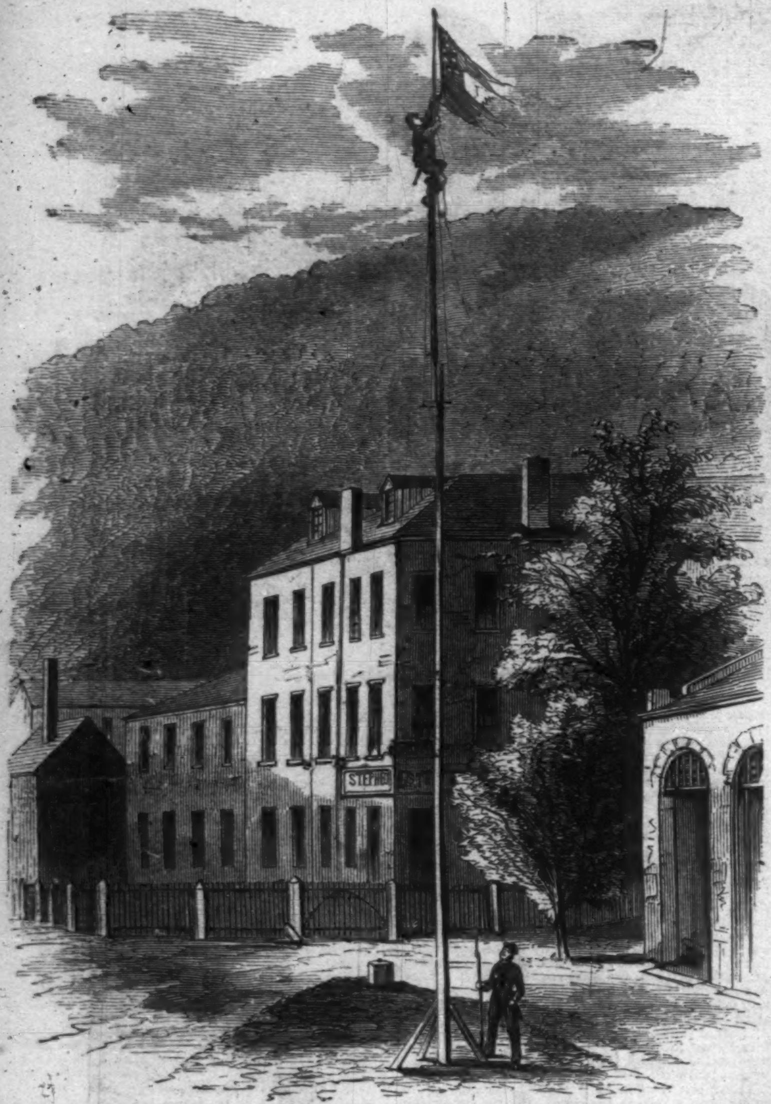
[See Page 490.]



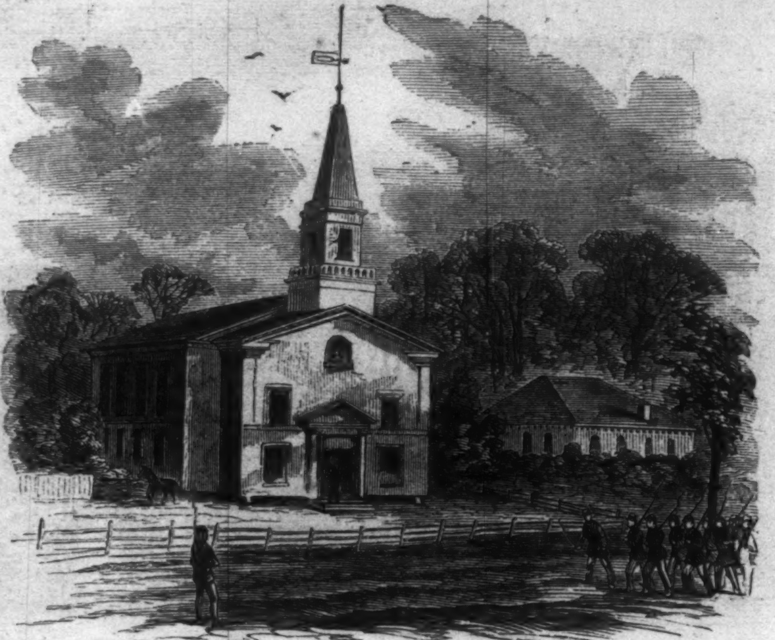
COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK AT THE BATTLE OF BULL'S



LL'S RUN.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]



TWO MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK NINTH (ISAAC BLAKEMORE AND GEORGE M'MULLAN) HAULING DOWN THE SECESSION FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.



FALL'S CHURCH, VIRGINIA, THE ADVANCED POST OF OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC,

THE REBELS IN VIRGINIA.

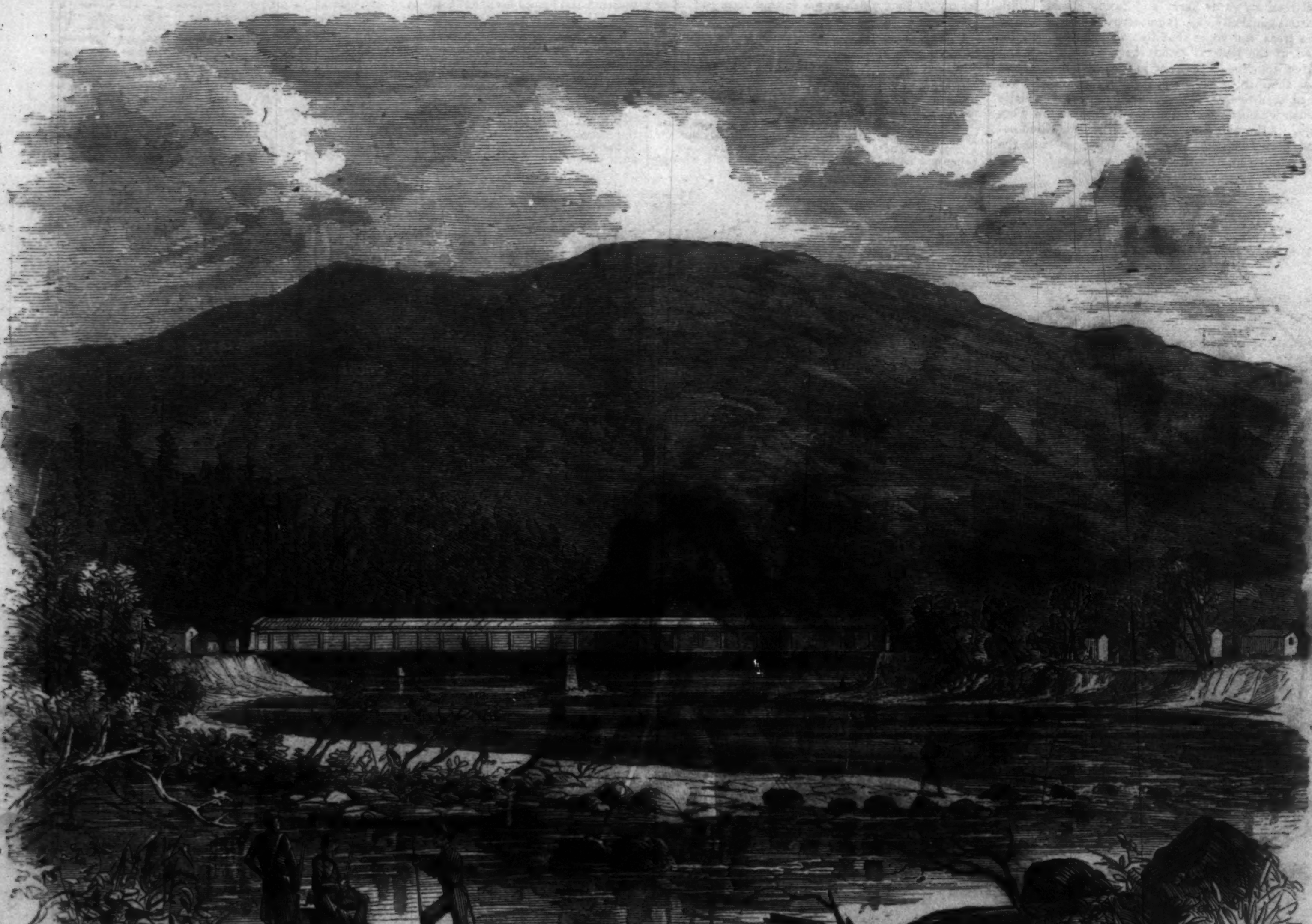
WE continue our series of illustrations of THE REBEL ARMY IN VIRGINIA, from sketches by our faithful correspondent. With regard to the illustrations on pages 487 and 491, he writes us: "I send you a sketch of the camp of General Bee's BRIGADE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, at the Fair Grounds near Winchester. It consists of some five regiments of Alabamians and Mississippians, in all about five thousand men. They are camped there at present, awaiting the advance of General Patterson, when I suppose General Johnston will order another retreat. The other sketch is one of a little incident which took place at Harper's Ferry yesterday. Two of the Ninth, Isaac Blakemore and George M'Mullan, went over and climbed the pole in the armory yard and took down the State flag of Virginia, which had been flying there since the place was first occupied by the Confederates. It was brought over to Sandy Hook and divided among their comrades, each one of whom secured a piece to send home as a trophy."

FALL'S CHURCH.

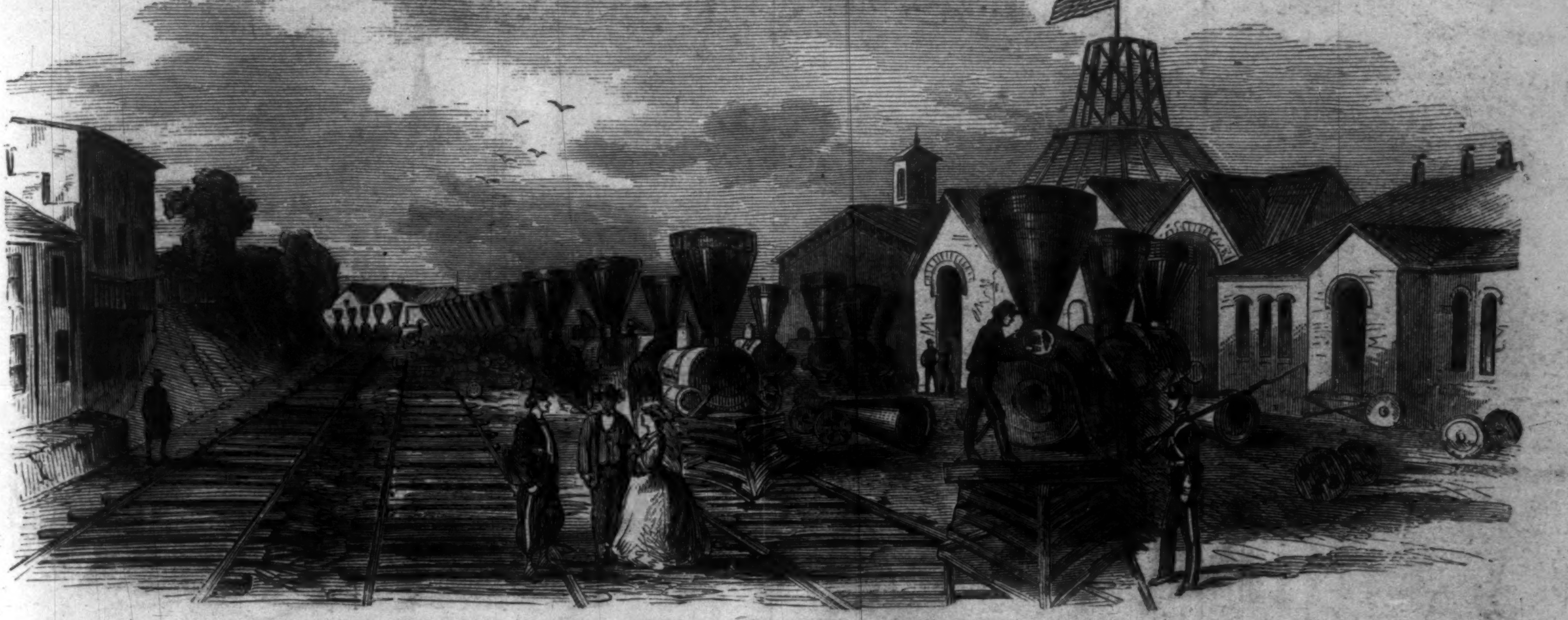
ON this page we illustrate FALL'S CHURCH, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, from a sketch by our special artist with General M'Dowell's *corps d'armée*. This is the most advanced post of our army in Fairfax County, and has been the scene of several picket skirmishes. Fall's Church was built in 1709, and rebuilt, as an inscription on the wall informs us, by the late "Lord" Fairfax, whose son, the present "Lord" Fairfax, is supposed to be serving in the rebel army. The title of Lord, we may observe, is still given to the representative of the family. The inscription on the old church reads as follows:

> "Henry Fairfax, an accomplished gentleman, an upright magistrate, a sincere Christian, died in command of the Fairfax Volunteers at Saltillo, Mexico, 1847. But for his munificence this church might still have been a ruin."

Service was held in the old church two Sundays since—Rev. Dr. Mines, Chaplain of Second Maine Regiment, officiating, and most of the troops in the neighborhood being present.



ROWLESBURG, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL HILL, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



LOCOMOTIVES DISMANTLED BY THE REBELS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES AT MARTINSBURG, VA.

On this page we illustrate one of the effects of the Southern Rebellion—the destruction of valuable property by the rebels. Our special artist writes us from Martinsburg: "The destruction of locomotives, cars, etc., by the Confederates is one of the most disgraceful sights I ever witnessed. Forty-two as fine engines as could be built have been mutilated, some by burning, others by mere destruction with hammers and crow-bars. The stationary engine has met with no better treatment, and the buildings themselves were only saved from destruction by the precipitate flight of the Confederate troops."

SKIRMISH ON THE POTOMAC.

Skirmishing along the Potomac has become an everyday amusement with the troops stationed on the upper part of that river. Scarcely a day passes without an exchange of shots at some point between Edwards Ferry and Sandy Hook. Both parties generally keep themselves sheltered behind the trees and rocks that line the shores. So far two of the Federal troops have been killed and three wounded. It is not known how many have lost their lives on the other side. Several have been seen to fall. This sketch represents a little brush which took place at Sandy Hook a few days ago. After some pretty sharp firing, in which *nobody was hurt*, the Virginians retreated into the mountains, and hostilities were suspended.

THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the illustration of the Battle of Bull's Run. A large view of Colonel Hunter's Attack, from sketches by our special artist, who was present, will be found on pages 488 and 489; the Commencement of the Firing is illustrated on page 492; and on the same page will be found an illustration of the cautious Exploring of the Ground by our artillery. On page 484 will be found a Map of the battle. We give the following account from a letter addressed by Mr. Henry J. Raymond to the *Times:*

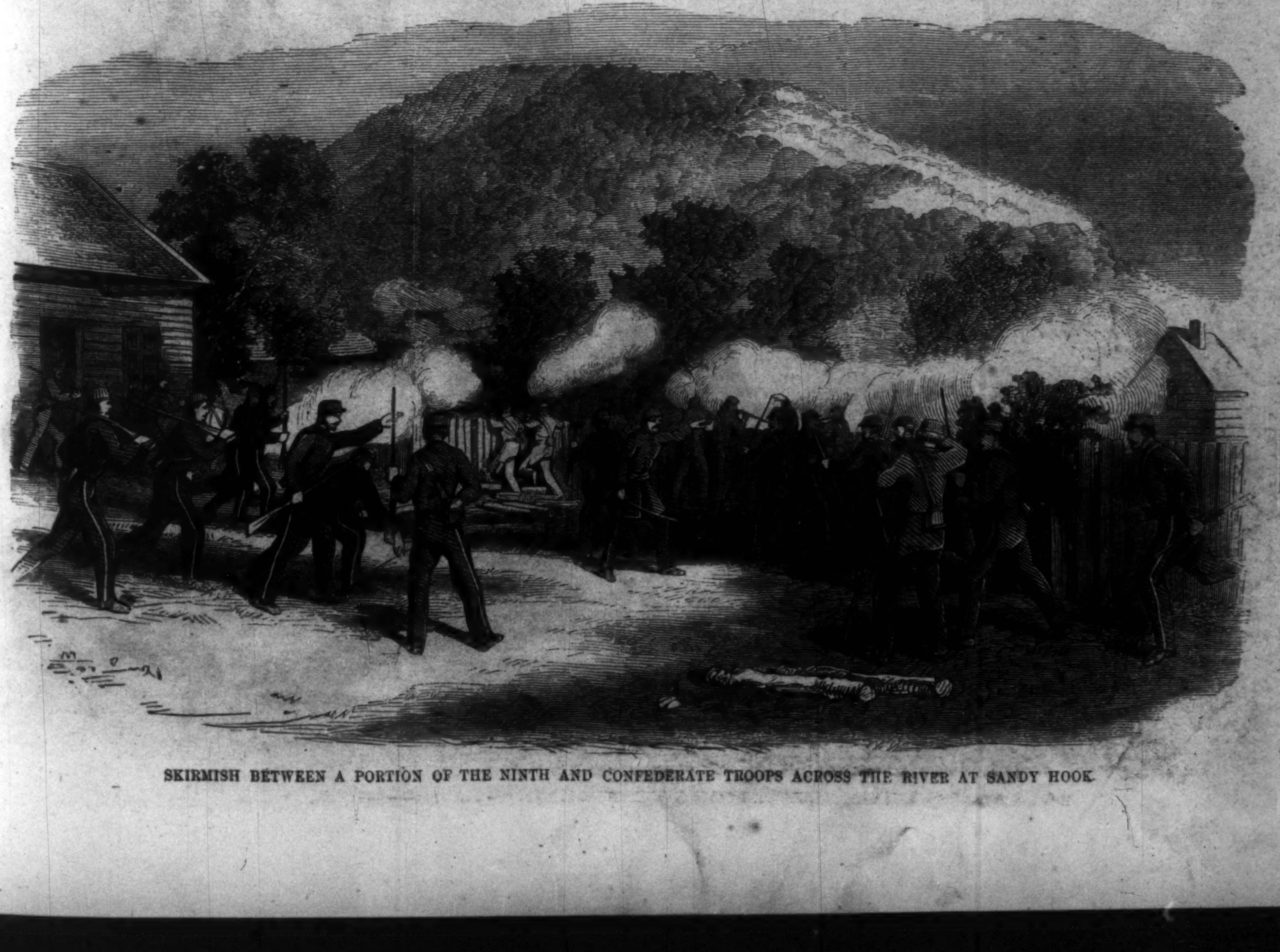
On Saturday the troops were all brought closely up to Centreville, and all needful preparations were made for the attack which was intended for the next day. On Sunday morning, therefore, the army marched—by two roads—Colonel Richardson with his command taking the Southern, which leads to Bull's Run, and General Tyler the Northern, running parallel to it at a distance of about a mile and a half. The movement commenced at about 3 o'clock. I got up at a little before 4, and found the long line of troops extended far out on either road. I took the road by which Colonel Hunter with his command, and General M'Dowell and staff had gone, and pushed on directly for the front. After going out about two miles Colonel Hunter turned to the right—marching obliquely toward the Run, which he was to cross some four miles higher up, and then come down upon the intrenched positions of the enemy on the other side. Colonel Miles was left at Centreville and on the road, with reserves which he was to bring up whenever they might be needed. General Tyler went directly forward, to engage the enemy in front, and send reinforcements to Colonel Hunter whenever it should be seen that he was engaged.

I went out, as I have already stated, upon what is marked as the northern road. It is hilly, like all the surface of this section. After going out about three miles you come to a point down which the road, leading through a forest, descends; then it proceeds by a succession of rising and falling knolls for a quarter of a mile, when it crosses a stone bridge and then ascends by a steady slope to the heights beyond. At the top of that slope the rebels had planted heavy batteries, and the woods below were filled with their troops and with concealed cannon. We proceeded down the road to the first of the small knolls mentioned, when the whole column halted. The 30-pounder Parrott gun, which has a longer range than any other in the army, was planted directly in the road. Captain Ayres's battery was stationed in the woods a little to the right. The First Ohio and Second New York Regiments were thrown into the woods in advance on the left. The Sixty-ninth, New York, the First, Second, and Third Connecticut regiments, were ranged behind them, and the Second Wisconsin was thrown into the woods on the right. At about half past six o'clock the 30-pounder threw two shells directly into the battery at the summit of the slope, on the opposite height, one of which, as I learned afterward, struck and exploded directly in the midst of the battery, and occasioned the utmost havoc and confusion. After about half an hour Captain Ayres threw ten or fifteen shot and shell from his battery into the same place. But both failed to elicit any reply. Men could be seen moving about the opposite slope, but the batteries were silent. An hour or so afterward we heard three or four heavy guns from Colonel Richardson's column at Bull's Run, and these were continued at intervals for two or three hours, but they were not answered, even by a single gun.

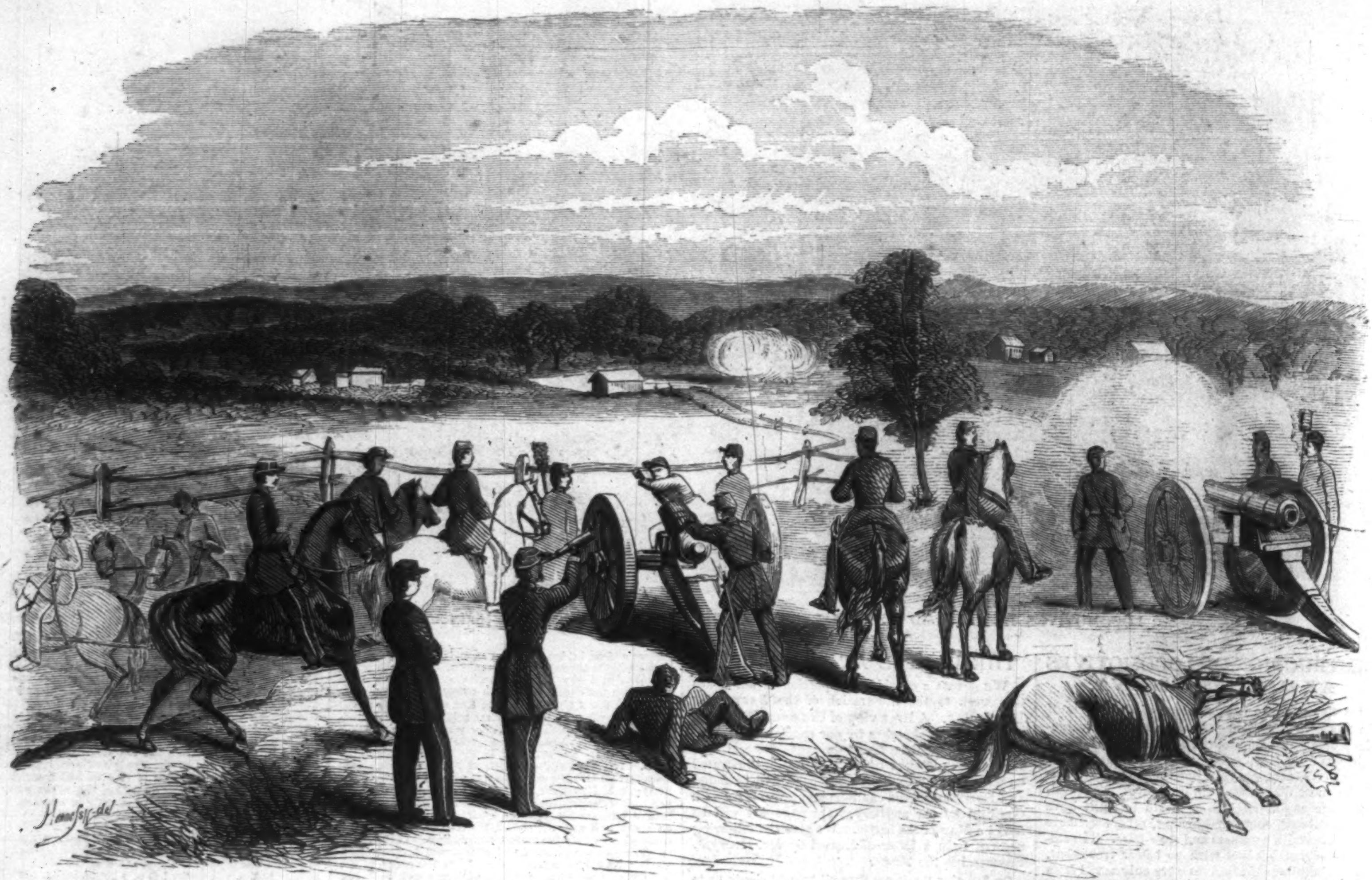
At half past 11 we heard Hunter's guns on the opposite height, over a mile to the right. He was answered by batteries there, and then followed the sharp, rattling volleys of musketry, as their infantry became engaged. The firing was now incessant. Hunter had come upon them suddenly, and formed his line of battle in an open field, at the right of the road. The enemy drew up to oppose him, but he speedily drove them to retreat and followed them up with the greatest vigor and rapidity. Meantime, for some three hours previous, we had seen long lines of dense dust rising from the roads leading from Manassas, and, with the glass, we could very clearly perceive that they were raised by the constant and steady stream of reinforcements, which continued to pour in nearly the whole day.

The Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, Second, and Eighth New York—the First, Second, and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were brought forward in advance of the wood and marched across the field to the right to go to Colonel Hunter's support. They crossed the intervening stream and drew up in a small open field, separated from Colonel Hunter's column by a dense wood, which was filled with batteries and infantry. Our guns continued to play upon the woods which thus concealed the enemy, and aided materially in clearing them for the advance. Going down to the extreme front of the column, I could watch the progress of Colonel Hunter, marked by the constant roar of artillery and the roll of musketry, as he pushed the rebels back from point to point. At 1 o'clock he had driven them out of the woods and across the road, which was the prolongation of that on which we stood. Here by the side of their batteries, the rebels made a stand. They planted their flag directly in the road, and twice charged across it upon our men, but without moving them an inch. They were met by a destructive fire, and were compelled to fall still further back. Gradually the point of fire passed further away until the dense clouds of smoke which marked the progress of the combat were at least half a mile to the left of what had been the central position of the rebels.

It was now 2½ o'clock. I was at the advanced point of the front of our column, some hundred rods beyond the woods, in which the few troops then there were drawn up, when I decided to drive back to the town for the purpose of sending you my dispatch. As I passed up the road the balls and shell from the enemy began to fall with more than usual rapidity. I did not see the point from which they came; but meeting Captain Ayres, he said he was about to bring up his battery, supported by the Ohio Brigade, under General Schenck, to repel a rumored attempt of cavalry to outflank this column. As I went forward he passed down. General Schenck's Brigade was at once drawn up across the road, and Captain Ayres's guns were planted in a knoll at the left, when a powerful body of rebels, with a heavy battery, came down from the direction of Bull's Run, and engaged this force with tremendous effect. I went to Centreville, sent off my dispatch, and started with all speed to return—intending to go with our troops upon what had been the hotly contested field, never doubting for a moment that it would remain in their hands. I had gone but a quarter of a mile when we met a great number of fugitives, and our carriage soon became entangled in a mass of baggage-wagons, the officer in charge of which told me it was useless to go in that direction, as our troops were retreating. Not crediting the story, which was utterly inconsistent with what I had seen but a little while



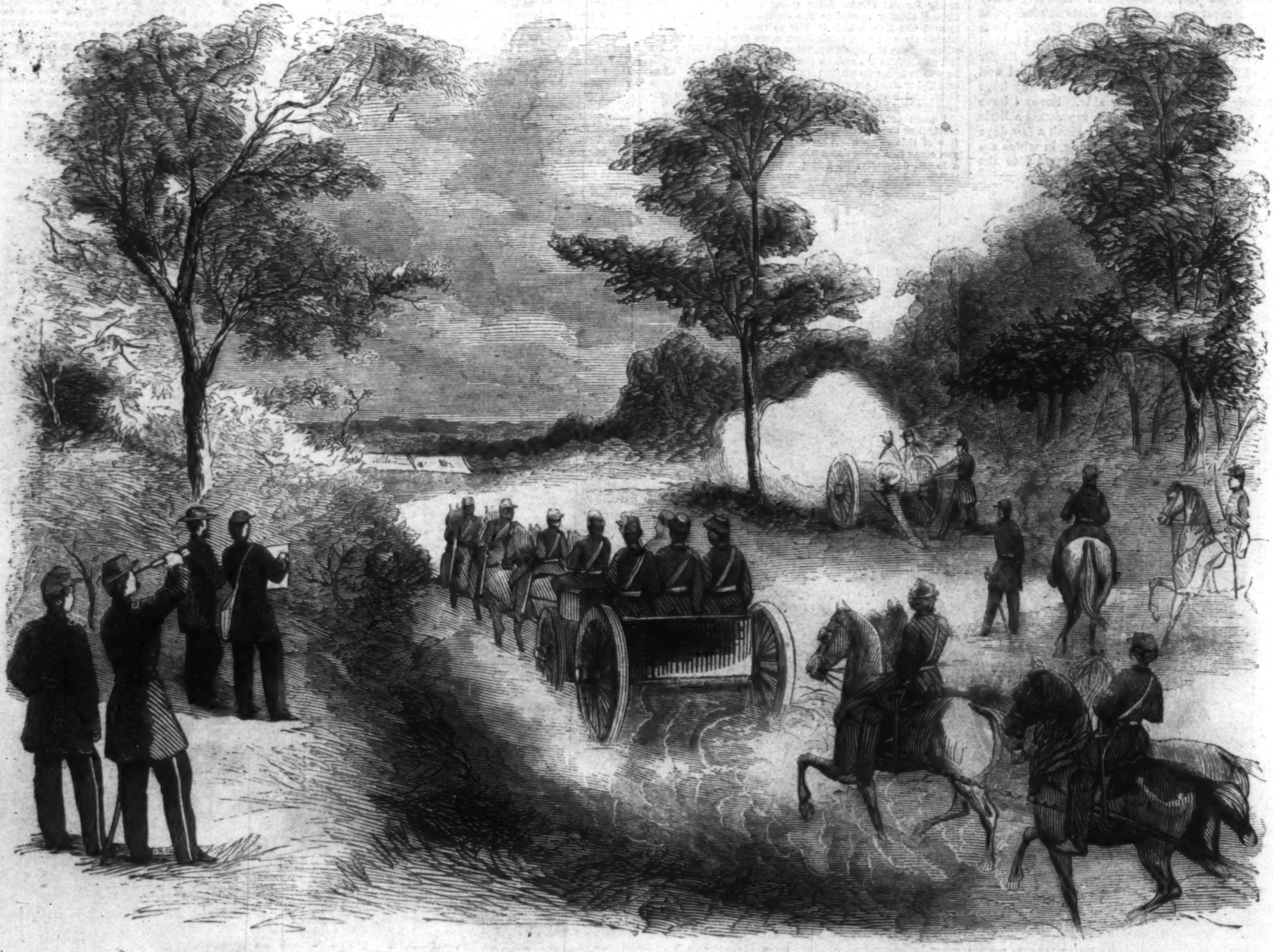
SKIRMISH BETWEEN A PORTION OF THE NINTH AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS ACROSS THE RIVER AT SANDY HOOK.



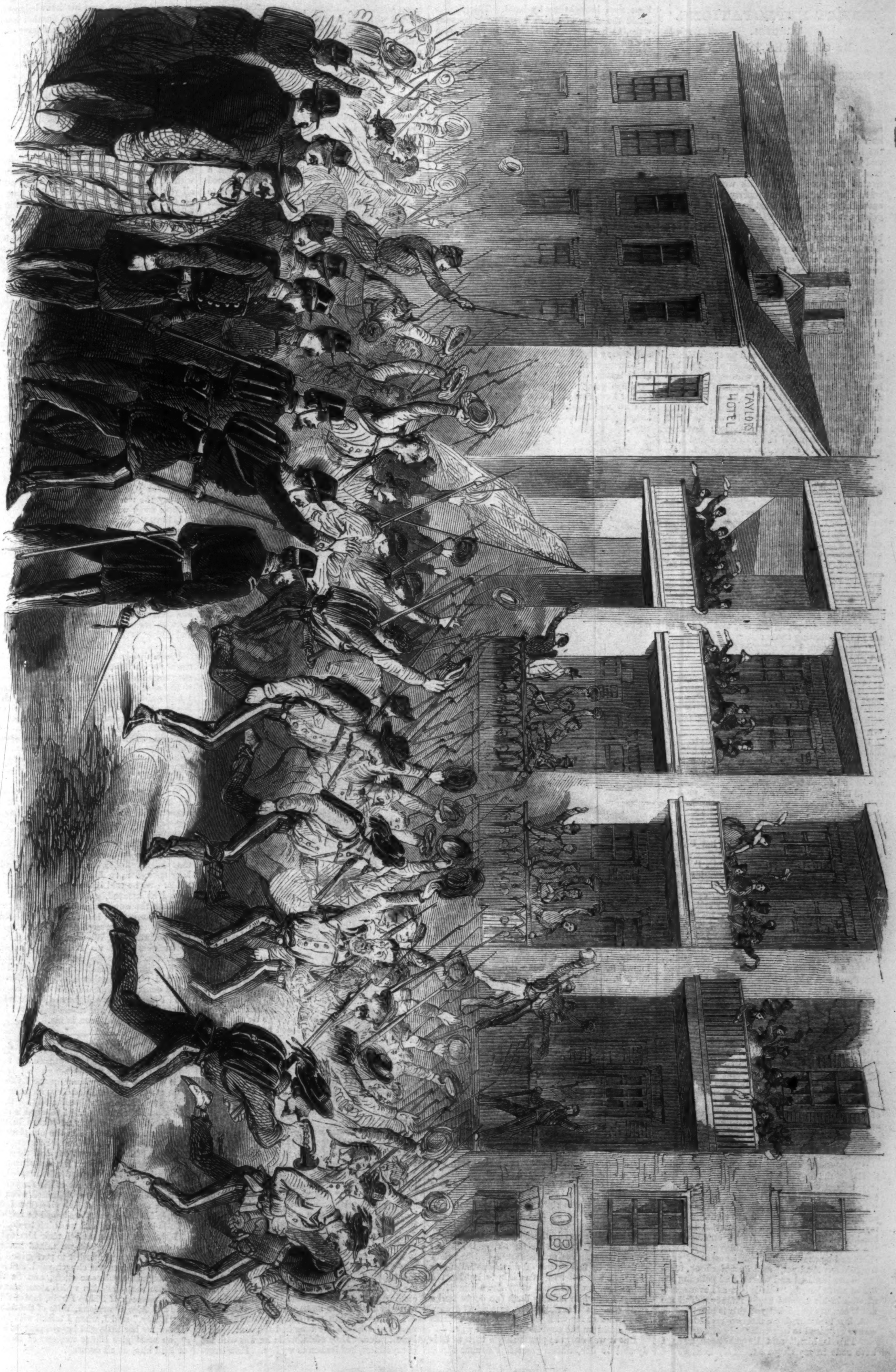
COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]

before, I continued to push on. I soon met Quarter-master Stetson, of the Fire Zouaves, who told me, bursting into tears, that his Regiment had been utterly cut to pieces, that the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were both killed, and that our troops had actually been repulsed. I still tried to proceed, but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Leaving my carriage, I went to a high point of ground and saw, by the dense cloud of dust which rose over each of the three roads by which the three columns of the army had advanced, that they were all on the retreat. Sharp discharges of cannon in their rear indicated that they were being pursued. I waited half an hour or so to observe the troops and batteries as they arrived, and then started for Washington, to send my dispatch and write this letter. As I came past the hill on which the Secessionists h their intrenchments less than a week ago, I saw our forces taking up positions for a defense if they should be assailed.

Such is a very rapid and general history of Sunday's engagement.



FIRING INTO A DESERTED EARTH-WORK NEAR BULL'S RUN.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]


TAYLOR'S HOTEL
TOBAC

SECOND MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT (WILDCATS) PASSING ALONG MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, ON THEIR WAY TO BUNKER HILL, VIRGINIA.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall had got down to my native place and its neighborhood before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar's demeanor. Whereas the Boar had cultivated my good opinion with warm assiduity when I was coming into property, the Boar was exceedingly cool on the subject now that I was going out of property.

It was evening when I arrived, much fatigued by the journey I had so often made so easily. The Boar could not put me into my usual bedroom, which was engaged (probably by some one who had expectations), and could only assign me a very indifferent chamber among the pigeons and post-chaises up the yard. But I had as sound a sleep in that lodging as in the most superior accommodation the Boar could have given me, and the quality of my dreams was about the same as in the best bedroom.

Early in the morning, while my breakfast was getting ready, I strolled round by Satis House. There were printed bills on the gate, and on bits of carpet hanging out of the windows, announcing a sale by auction of the Household Furniture and Effects next week. The house itself was to be sold as old building materials and pulled down. LOT 1 was marked in white-washed knock-knee letters on the brew-house; LOT 2 on that part of the main building which had been so long shut up. Other lots were marked off on other parts of the structure, and the ivy had been torn down to make room for the inscriptions, and much of it trailed low in the dust and was withered already. Stepping in for a moment at the open gate, and looking around me with the uncomfortable air of a stranger who had no business there, I saw the auctioneer's clerk walking on the casks and telling them off for the information of a catalogue-compiler, pen in hand, who made a temporary desk of the wheeled chair I had so often pushed along to the tune of Old Clem.

When I got back to my breakfast in the Boar's coffee-room I found Mr. Pumblechook conversing with the landlord. Mr. Pumblechook (not improved in appearance by his late nocturnal adventure) was waiting for me, and addressed me in the following terms:

"Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected!"

As he extended his hand with a magnificently forgiving air, and as I was broken by illness and unfit to quarrel, I took it.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook to the waiter, "put a muffin on table. And has it come to this! Has it come to this!"

I frowningly sat down to my breakfast. Mr. Pumblechook stood over me and poured out my tea—before I could touch the tea-pot—with the air of a benefactor who was resolved to be true to the last.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook, mournfully, "put the salt on. In happier times," addressing me, "I think you took sugar? And did you take milk? You did. Sugar and milk. William, bring a water-cress."

"Thank you," said I, shortly, "but I don't eat water-cresses."

"You don't eat 'em," returned Mr. Pumblechook, sighing and nodding his head several times, as if he might have expected that, and as if abstinence from water-cresses were consistent with my downfall. "True. The simple fruits of the earth. No. You needn't bring any, William."

I went on with my breakfast, and Mr. Pumblechook continued to stand over me, staring fishily and breathing noisily, as he always did.

"Little more than skin and bone!" mused Mr. Pumblechook, aloud. "And yet when he went away from here (I may say with my blessing), and I spread afore him my humble store, like the Bee, he was as plump as a Peach!"

This reminded me of the wonderful difference between the servile manner in which he had offered his hand in my new prosperity, saying, "May I?" and the ostentatious clemency with which he had just now exhibited the same fat five fingers.

"Hah!" he went on, handing me the bread-and-butter. "And air you a going to Joseph?"

"In Heaven's name," said I, firing in spite of myself, "what does it matter to you where I am going? Leave that tea-pot alone."

It was the worst course I could have taken, because it gave Pumblechook the opportunity he wanted.

"Yes, young man," said he, releasing the handle of the article in question, retiring a step or two from my table, and speaking for the behoof of the landlord and waiter at the door, "I *will* leave that tea-pot alone. You are right, young man. For once you are right. I forgit myself when I take such an interest in your breakfast as to wish your frame, exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigygality, to be stimilated by the 'olesome nourishment of your forefathers. And yet," said Pumblechook, turning to the landlord and waiter, and pointing me out at arm's length, "this is him as I ever sported with in his days of happy infancy. Tell me not it can not be; I tell you this is him!"

A low murmur from the two replied. The waiter appeared to be particularly affected.

"This is him," said Pumblechook, "as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him untoe the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as her name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can!"

The waiter seemed convinced that I could not deny it, and that it gave the case a black look.

"Young man," said Pumblechook, screwing his head at me in the old fashion, "you air a going to Joseph. What does it matter to me, you ask me, where you air a going? I say to you, Sir, you air a going to Joseph."

The waiter coughed, as if he modestly invited me to get over that.

"Now," said Pumblechook, and all this with a most exasperating air of saying in the cause of virtue what was perfectly convincing and conclusive, "I will tell you what to say to Joseph. Here is Squires of the Boar present, known and respected in this town, and here is William, which his father's name was Potkins if I do not deceive myself."

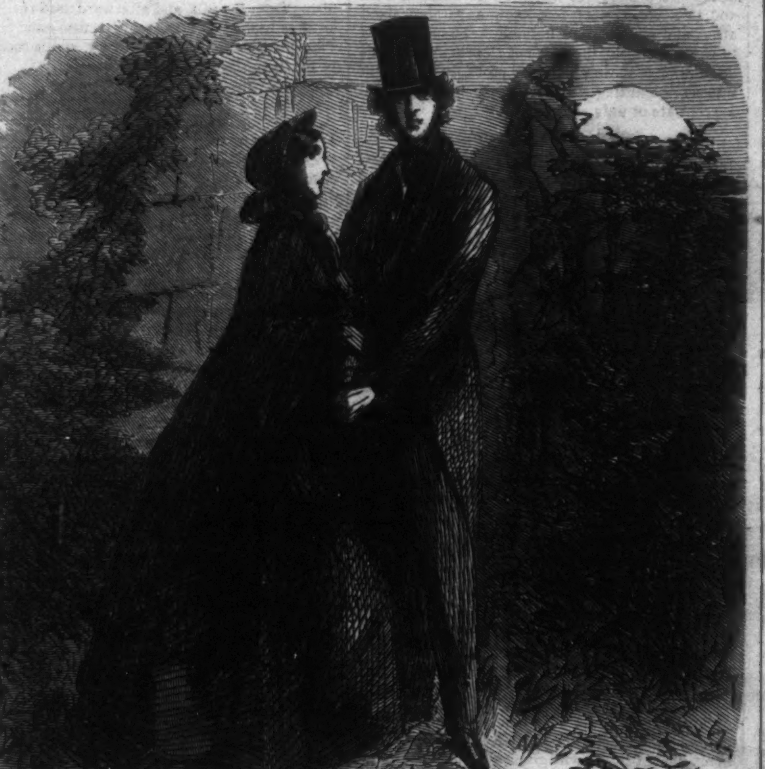
"You do not, Sir," said William.

"In their presence," pursued Pumblechook, "I will tell you, young man, what to say to Joseph. Says you, 'Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's. I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up town, and I have seen that man.'"

"I swear I don't see him here," said I.

"Say that likewise," retorted Pumblechook. "Say you said that, and even Joseph will probably betray surprise."

"There you quite mistake him," said I. "I know better."



"I SAW THE SHADOW OF NO PARTING FROM HER."

"Says you," Pumblechook went on, "'Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice and bears me no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and is well acquainted with your pig-headedness and ignorance; and he knows my character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitoode. Yes, Joseph,' says you"—here Pumblechook shook his head and hand at me—"'he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitoode. *He* knows it, Joseph, as none can. *You* do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do.'"

Windy donkey as he was, it really amazed me that he could have the face to talk thus to mine.

"Says you, 'Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw it plain. It pinted out this writing, Joseph. *Reward of ingratitoode to his earliest benefactor, and founder of fortun's.* But that man said that he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.'"

"It's a pity," said I, scornfully, as I finished my interrupted breakfast, "that the man did not say what he had done and would do again."

"Squires of the Boar!" Pumblechook was now addressing the landlord, "and William! I have no objections to your mentioning, either up town or down town, if such should be your wishes, that it was right to do it, kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and that I would do it again."

With those words the Impostor shook them both by the hand, with an air, and left the house; leaving me much more astonished than delighted by the virtues of that same indefinite "it." I was not long after him in leaving the house too, and when I went down the High Street I saw him holding forth (no doubt to the same effect) at his shop door, to a select group, who honored me with very unfavorable glances as I passed on the opposite side of the way.

But it was only the pleasanter to turn to Biddy and to Joe, whose great forbearance shone more brightly than before, if that could be, contrasted with this brazen pretender. I went toward them slowly, for my limbs were weak, but with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them, and a sense of leaving arrogance and untruthfulness further and further behind.

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that country-side more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would come over my character when I had a guiding spirit at my side whose simple faith and clear home-wisdom I had proved, beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in me, for my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel and whose wanderings had lasted many years.

The school-house where Biddy was mistress I had never seen, but the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Biddy's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated.

But the forge was a very short distance off, and I went toward it under the sweet green limes, listening for the clink of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chestnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the mid-summer wind.

Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up and still.

But the house was not deserted, and the best parlor seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly toward it, meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Biddy stood before me, arm in arm.

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I, because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she, because I looked so worn and white.

"But dear Biddy, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear Pip."

"And Joe, how smart *you* are!"

"Yes, dear old Pip, old chap."

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then—

"It's my wedding-day," cried Biddy, in a burst of happiness, "and I am married to Joe!"

* * * * * * *

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had laid my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder. "Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised," said Joe. And Biddy said, "I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy." They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

"Dear Biddy," said I, "you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have— But no, you couldn't love him better than you do."

"No, I couldn't, indeed," said Biddy.

"And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe!"

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

"And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!"

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

"But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter's night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it forever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honored you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did."

"I ain't a going," said Joe, from behind his sleeve, "to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't."

"And now, though I know you have already done it in your own kind hearts, pray tell me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!"

"Oh dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe. "God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!"

"Amen! And God knows I do!" echoed Biddy.

"Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-by!"

I sold all I had, and I put aside as much as I could, for a composition with my creditors—who gave me ample time to pay them in full—and I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month I had quitted England, and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. For the beam across the parlor-ceiling at Mill Pond Bank had then ceased to tremble under old Bill Barley's growls, and was at peace, and Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

Many a year went round before I was a partner in the House; but I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. It was not until I became third in the Firm that Clarriker betrayed me to Herbert; but he then declared that the secret of Herbert's partnership had been long enough upon his conscience, and he must tell it. So he told it, and Herbert was as much moved as amazed, and the dear fellow and I were not the worse friends for the long concealment. I must not leave it to be supposed that we were ever a great House, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business; but we had a good name, and worked for our profits, and did very well. We owed so much to Herbert's ever-cheerful industry and readiness, that I often wondered how I had conceived that old idea of his inaptitude, until I was one day enlightened by the reflection that, perhaps, the inaptitude had never been in him at all, but had been in me.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FOR eleven years I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my bodily eyes—though they had both been often before my fancy in the East—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen fire-light—as hale and as strong as ever, though a little gray—sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool, looking at the fire, was—I again!

"We giv' him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side (but I did *not* rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do."

I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the church-yard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above.

"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."

"No, no," said Biddy, gently. "You must marry."

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding-ring that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you don't fret for her?"

"Oh no—I think not, Biddy."

"Tell me, as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?"

"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"

Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening alone for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella's sake.

I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband, from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for any thing I knew she was married again.

The early dinner-hour at Joe's left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been inclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low, quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open and went in.

A cold, silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it; but the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden-walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me as I advanced. It had been moving toward me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then it faltered, as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out,

"Estella!"

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it I had seen before; what I had never seen before was the saddened, softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

"I have never been here since."

"Nor I."

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, and have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!"

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said, quietly,

"Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?"

"Yes, Estella."

"The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Every thing else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years."

"Is it to be built on?"

"At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still?"

"Still."

"And do well, I am sure?"

"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—Yes, I do well."

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

"Have you?"

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."

"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered. And we were silent again, until she spoke.

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, "'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now—now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but—I hope—into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her.

THE END.

CONCERNING FIRE-ARMS.

The existence of the present warlike condition of affairs in this country will naturally turn the attention of all classes of people to the instruments with which the question at issue is to be solved. A peaceful nation like the American is better acquainted with the manufacture and uses of the plow, the spade, and the harrow, than with those deadly weapons of war which we have now to weld and to wield. Very few know any thing about arms, and as every one is liable to be called upon to converse about them, if not to bear them, some description of those which may probably be brought into service during the present war will not be inappropriate or uninteresting.

REVOLVING PISTOLS.

Colt's revolving pistols have become so universally known of late years that any description of them is superfluous; where pistols are used they will be the regulation arm. At present it is almost impossible to purchase them at any reasonable price, the army pattern selling for $27. Another very good revolving pistol is North's patent, made by the Savage Revolving Fire-arm Co., at Middletown, Connecticut. They are sold for $20, army size. A new modification of the pistol, called the "Young America," consists of an arrangement by which, with one barrel, you are enabled to obtain two discharges, the barrel having two separate loads, each charge being reached by a separate hammer and cap. The pistol is very small, and an extremely effective little weapon.

OLD STYLE OF MUSKETS.

Until the year 1855 the regulation arm for United States Infantry was the smooth-bored musket, probably as inefficient a weapon as could be devised. The smooth barrel, highly polished, being absolutely impossible to sight over with any degree of accuracy, while its carrying power was by no means great. Since 1855 these arms have been rifled, and patent sights attached, making them at present very effective; they carry the Minié bullet. Now there are two points with regard to which people have very various ideas; and one of these is concerning rifles. And in order to instruct a great mass of individuals who would be ashamed to confess their ignorance, and greatly surprised if they knew how many shared it, we will give as simple an idea of the process of rifling as possible.

RIFLING GUN-BARRELS.

To rifle a gun-barrel from four to six grooves are cut upon the interior of the barrel, extending longitudinally through from end to end. These grooves are in depth about equal to the thickness of the finger-nail. Commencing parallel to each other, they presently take what is termed the *gaining twist*, and run spirally, still holding their relative positions, to the muzzle. Thus a succession of threads like a screw are formed, around which the ball is forced, and by reason of its spiral motion is of course propelled both with greater accuracy and greater force, and these last are the advantages of rifling a gun-barrel.

THE MINIE BALL.

Next to describe the Minié ball—so called, though we have reason to believe the principle on which it is made was first discovered by N. Greener, gun-maker, of Birmingham, England, and afterward appropriated by M. Minié. The Minié bullet is a cone, hollowed at the base to the depth of about one-third of the height of the whole bullet; the cartridge is fastened to the base of the bullet, the whole inclosed in a paper cover, and is then placed in the barrel and rammed home. When the powder explodes it fills up the cavity in the bullet, expands the lead, and drives it into the grooves of the rifle, filling them completely air-tight. The bullet being greased, it slips along the grooves without sticking, otherwise the gun becomes leaded. This principle overcomes the windage, and avoids the necessity for forcing a large bullet into a small bore, which frequently resulted in bursting guns.

SHARPE'S RIFLES.

Another weapon, which has obtained considerable notoriety and reputation since the Kansas troubles, and will probably be brought into service during the present war, is the Sharpe's rifle. The peculiarity of this arm is that it is breech-loading. By means of appropriate mechanism, the end of the barrel in the stock slides down, leaving the barrel entirely open. The prepared cartridge and ball are inserted, the slide returned, and the loading is completed. Of course the operation is very much simplified and facilitated; but some objectionable features present themselves in the fact that the separation of the barrel permits the escape of gas when the explosion takes place; that the mechanism is liable to derangement; the barrel requiring frequently to be cleaned; and finally, that the gun is more expensive than others which are more reliable. This gun costs about $45 with sabre-bayonet, which will be described elsewhere.

ARMY MUSKETS.

Of the army musket (rifled) of 1855, with clasp bayonet, there can be manufactured at Springfield from 1800 to 2000 per month; about 35,000 have already been turned out from that place, half of which are in the possession of the Confederate forces. The 7th, 12th, and 71st Regiments N. Y. S. M. are furnished with this arm, which can be supplied by the quantity at about $22 50 each. The Minié rifle, with sabre bayonet, costs $30.

ENFIELD RIFLES.

The Enfield rifle is so called from the place where these arms are manufactured. It differs from the Minié rifle in the reduction of the bore and in weight—the latter weighing 10½ pounds, the former 9 pounds. With these exceptions they are similarly constructed. The Enfield manufactory turns out weekly 1100 stand of arms, employing 1300 men. The Enfield rifle costs $30.

We have mentioned all the guns likely to be brought into use at present, and will devote a few lines to some description of the bowie-knife and sabre bayonet.

BOWIE-KNIVES.

The bowie-knife is usually from ten to fifteen inches in length, with a blade about two inches wide. It is said to owe its invention to an accident which occurred to Colonel Bowie during a battle with the Mexicans; he broke his sword some fifteen inches from the hilt, and afterward used the weapon thus broken as a knife in hand-to-hand fights. This is a most formidable weapon, and is commonly in use in the West and Southwest.

SABRE BAYONETS.

The sabre bayonet was originally used by the French during the Revolution of 1798, but was afterward discarded; it has since been adopted by their Chasseurs, and is used also by the German Jägers and the Zouaves; with us it is usually attached to the Minié and Sharpe's rifle, in lieu of the old clasp bayonet. In size it is similar to the artillery sword, being about eighteen inches long, with a cross hilt; it is, however, curved at the point like a sabre, but very slightly; a second curve, a few inches below, gives it a resemblance to a Malay *creese*. By an opening in the hilt it fits over the muzzle of the rifle, and by means of a spring attaches itself firmly to the barrel. When not in use it is carried in a sheath by the side. In Algiers and in Nicaragua it was used for cutting away brush and underwood, to facilitate the passage of artillery, or for other purposes.

We have thus referred to the principal small-arms in common use which possess a history, or with whose construction the public may be supposed not to be familiar; we will therefore proceed to note the results of the investigations we have made into the subject of Ordnance.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF ORDNANCE.

Artillery—or, as it is usually termed, Ordnance—is, in modern warfare, divided into two classes: 1st, *Siege Artillery*, employed for attack and defense of fortified places, ships of war, etc.; and, 2d, *Field Artillery*, used in battle, or in the field-operations of armies.

SIEGE ARTILLERY.

Siege Artillery is composed of mortars, large howitzers, Paixhan guns, or Columbiads, and all cannon of a large calibre. In our service this class of ordnance includes 12, 18, 24, 32, and 42-pounder guns; 8, 10, and 13-inch mortars; 24-pound Carronades; and 8, 10, and 13-inch howitzers. All these, except the smaller mortars, are made of cast iron.

MORTARS.

Mortars are usually stationary, and are used for throwing iron shells filled with powder, and ignited by a fuse; bursting they produce great destruction. They are effective at distances of from one to three miles.

HOWITZERS.

The howitzer is a short, wide-mouthed piece of ordnance, calculated for throwing shells or balls, as may be desired, and discharged by means of a fuse. The calibre is much greater than that of cannon, though not so great as mortars; it is very effective in siege and in resisting cavalry, as it can be used to throw canister or other projectiles, and is easily transported; only the larger size come under the head of siege-guns. The howitzer, or *canon-obusier*, was first introduced into the French service in 1824.

PAIXHAN GUNS.

Paixhan guns were invented by Colonel Bomford, of the United States Army; but being introduced into the French service by General Paixhan, they received his name, although he had nothing to do with their invention; however, he afterward improved upon them. They were first used in the war of 1812, and attracted universal notice. These guns are of enormous size, having a calibre of 8, 10, and 12 inches. They are made with great thickness at the breech, to enable them to withstand a large charge of powder and heavy ball. The largest of these guns, the 12-inch, loads with twelve pounds of powder, and carries a hollow shot weighing 112 pounds; its extreme range is 1550 yards. The 8-inch gun carries a solid shot of 68 pounds, at an elevation of 15 degrees, 3250 yards. The Paixhan guns are used with traversing beds; they are thus driven up an inclined railway, with from 3 to 4 degrees elevation, after each discharge. The great use of these heavy guns is in fracturing and splintering, dismounting guns, etc.; their range is usually not great. Captain Dahlgren, in his improvements of heavy ordnance, has carried still farther the principle involved in the Paixhan gun—that of strengthening the breech. His guns are now universally used on our ships of war, and his theories have been recognized in Europe as a great improvement in artillery manufacture.

COLUMBIADS.

Perhaps the gun most commonly named at the present time is the Columbiad, and yet the public is extremely ignorant as to its peculiarities. The Columbiad is of the class called Sea-coast Cannon, and combines in itself the qualities of the gun, howitzer, and mortar: in other words, it is a long-chambered piece of ordnance, having the capacity to project shot or shell, with heavy charges of powder, at high angles of elevation. It is, in fact, the Paixhan gun invented by Colonel Bomford, and which we have already mentioned. In 1844 the model of the Columbiad was changed, by lengthening the bore and increasing the weight of metal, to enable it to endure an increased charge of powder, or one-sixth the weight of the solid shot. Thus altered, they were found defective in strength, and in 1858 were degraded to the rank of shell guns, with diminished charges of powder. Their place has been supplied by a new model, having no base-ring nor swell of the muzzle. The 8-inch carries a 10-pound ball; the 10-inch carries a 16-pound ball.

CARRONADES.

Carronades derive their name from the Carron Foundery, in Scotland, where they were first cast in 1779; they are short, light, iron guns, differing from cannon and howitzers in having no trunnions, being fastened to their carriages by a loop underneath. They are chiefly used for arming ships, and enable vessels to throw heavy shot at close quarters without overloading their decks with heavy guns. On shore, Carronades are used in the same manner and for the same purposes as howitzers. [*Field Artillery* will be given in a future Number.]

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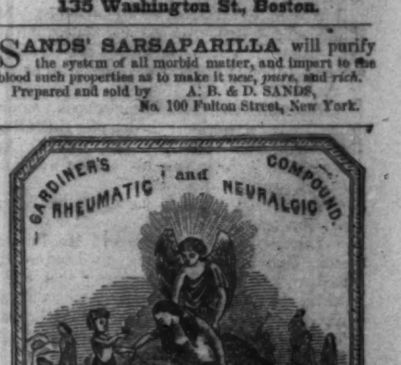

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